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These steps will enhance safety across the globe, in every land menaced by terrorism, including our own. It's a tall order . . . and a vital one.

The World Trade Center, February 26, 1993

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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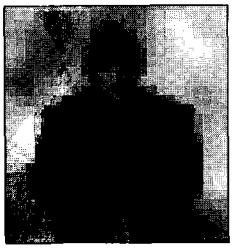

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CORRESPONDENCE

The immigrant song

To the editors:
African Americans are not alienated by the issue of immigration ("The Black Alienation," by Peter Skerry, January 30). We just see double standards when the Haitian refugees, who are fleeing political repression and economic stagnation as well, are sent back to Haiti while Cuban refugees are accepted and welcome in the United States. As for black political figures being silent about immigration, not many are asked. When they are, their opinions aren't carried on T.V. news or in national publications such as *Time*, *Newsweek* and THE NEW REPUBLIC.

JOSEPH PATTERSON
Cleveland, Ohio

To the editors:
When California's black voters split on—even narrowly defeated—the state's anti-illegal immigrant ballot initiative, it is considered proof of local African Americans' fear of economic competition from Latino immigrants. But, when white voters approved the measure by an overwhelming 63 percent to 37 percent, it isn't.

The unfortunate one-upmanship between African American and Latino politicians and activists in Los Angeles to which Peter Skerry alludes should be seen more as a part of the prevalent post-1960s minority discourse than as widespread competition between black and Latino residents. In Los Angeles, the departure of the black middle class from the ghetto is not "physical displacement" as much as it is the promising process of ethnic neighborhood succession. Immigrant newcomers who buy and rent homes from former tenants have facilitated countless numbers of African Americans' departure from the ghetto.

As Skerry knows, political skirmishes do not reality make. The pernicious "minority discourse" has long pitted non-white leaders against each other for "white society's" remaining peanuts. It has recently given rise to inaccurate readings of blacks' response to Proposition 187 and is now alive more in the media, the academy and legislative halls than in this city's streets.

DAVID E. HAYES-BAUTISTA
GREGORY RODRIGUEZ
Los Angeles, California

To the editors:
I came to this country with an immigrant visa thirty years ago to embark on a twelve-month period of farm and campus experience as an exchange student at the University of Minnesota. Within a year, I was paying taxes and making Social Security payments. Thirty years later, I am still a legal alien. I have been married to a native Minnesotan for more than twenty years, and I teach at a Minnesota technical college. I have lived here glad and grateful that nothing so far has forced me to question my birthright. Glad that, so far, I have not been made to trivialize my citizenship by trading it for a measure of personal safety.

I can well understand the rising hostility to newcomers. But we only make the situation worse when we sort out small vulnerable parts of the population to bear the blame and the economic burden. Forcing me and others like me to surrender a lifetime's identity in order to make possible a measure of return on years of contribution is demeaning to what we all believe citizenship should be, yours and mine.

JOHN ESSAME
Belview, Minnesota

Greek to me

To the editors:
Lynne Cheney's persuasive criticism of the new history standards (Correspondence, February 6) loses much of its force when she complains that the cold war is presented "as a product of 'mutual suspicions' and macho 'confrontations' rather than a struggle between freedom and totalitarianism." I invite Cheney to review Thucydides' history of the Peloponnesian War between Athens (democratic) and Sparta (undemocratic), whose cause he describes in terms similar to those she rejects. Power, he said, breeds conflict by engendering fear in those who do not have it (Sparta), which in turn causes those who do have it (Athens) to seek to secure it further, which in turn engenders more fear. Sounds like the cold war. Or any war.

Had Thucydides shared Cheney's simplified worldview, no doubt he, a loyal Athenian, could have reduced his own war to "a struggle between [Athenian] freedom and [Spartan] totalitarianism." To his credit, he did not.

DOROTHY WIGHTMAN
Mountain View, California

Persistent slandering

To the editors:
The persistent slandering of the Lithuanian nation ought to be conducted more subtly than it was by Richard Stengel in his tearful article about the passing of South Africa's Communist chieftain, Joe Slovo ("Bazooka Joe," January 30). As early as the third paragraph Stengel discovers an opportunity for a bold smear: "The son of Lithuanian Jews escaping pogroms in their native land, Slovo emigrated to South Africa in 1935 when he was 9 years old." Pogroms in Lithuania in 1935! Many Jewish religious leaders during the period of Lithuania's independence, before the Soviet and Nazi occupations, used to call Lithuania a "second Jerusalem." Stengel is stretching it.

Apparently he is mixing up that period with the years of Nazi occupation of that country, when some criminal element took advantage of the situation. Every nation has a criminal element. There was a criminal element among the Lithuanian Jews also. Such Jews became Red Quislings helping Soviet occupational forces to commit atrocities.

Now open archives of the Lithuanian KGB help to understand the drive against anti-Communist ethnic groups in the United States: the KGB was bragging about its success in stopping the united front between anti-Communist Jews and other ethnic groups, in order to distract attention from Soviet crimes. But why still continue such a KGB campaign now?

By the way, Slovo was a KGB colonel.

VILIUS BRAZENAS
Bonita Springs, Florida

Whitewashes

To the editors:
Ronald Radosh's review of my book, *The Odyssey of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade: Americans in the Spanish Civil War*, ("Spanish Illusions," January 30) should remind your readers that historical documents do not speak for themselves, but remain subject to the biases of those who use them. Radosh implies that my book whitewashes a variety of Communist evils. Instead, I argue that the historical complexity of the Spanish Civil War can not be distilled into simple anti-Communist rhetoric. Since I do not expect to change Radosh's mind, I will confine my comments to a few points of fact.

First, there is a document in the Moscow archives signed by "Tim Ryan" (a.k.a., Eugene Dennis) dated May 19, 1941—prior to the German invasion of the Soviet Union—that lists the names of several Lincoln Brigade veterans, including Milton Wolff. I do not claim to know precisely what this list means, but it certainly indicates that Dennis was communicating about the availability of these men for some kind of service. It tends to corroborate Wolff's claim to have spoken with Dennis prior to his trip to the Soviet Union in the spring of 1941.

Second, in referring to George Watt's speech at the Smithsonian in 1986,

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Radosh might have mentioned that the former commissar denied knowing of the "political" war in Spain while he was serving in the ranks.

Third, I did not describe the execution of Paul White as a "political execution." He was tried, sentenced and shot for desertion. His confession, which I quote, does not say he was returning to the front to fight.

PETER CARROLL
Belmont, California

To the editors:

In using my book *Heroic Victims: Stalin's Foreign Legion in the Spanish Civil War* to disprove Peter Carroll's theses, Ronald Radosh made a gratuitous attack on me and denigrated my work. According to Radosh, most of my information is "drawn from the research findings of Harvey Klehr and John Haynes." In fact, my book is based on extensive work in the Moscow archives, where I spent a month and obtained thousands of documents. While I have great respect for the scholarship of Klehr and Haynes, my work is my own.

Radosh uses words like "polemical zeal," "intemperate attack" and "dubious sources" to describe my exposé of I. F. Stone as a paid KGB agent. Radosh can disagree with me on the Stone question or oppose me and other conservatives, but his rhetoric indicates that he has brought considerable baggage with him in his travels from the extreme left. Apparently, he is so embarrassed about writing the truth about Communist history that he finds it necessary to attack the messenger. As a former investigator for the House Committee on Un-American Activities/House Committee on Internal Security, I am proud of how well that committee's conclusions have stood up when compared with the documents in the Moscow archives.

HERBERT ROMERSTEIN
Clinton, Maryland

To the editors:

In "Spanish Illusions," Ronald Radosh writes dismissively of some unnamed historians. Since his description of their arguments bears some slight resemblance to an argument in my 1982 book *Which Side Were You On? The American Communist Party During the Second World War,* I suppose I had best acknowledge my guilt.

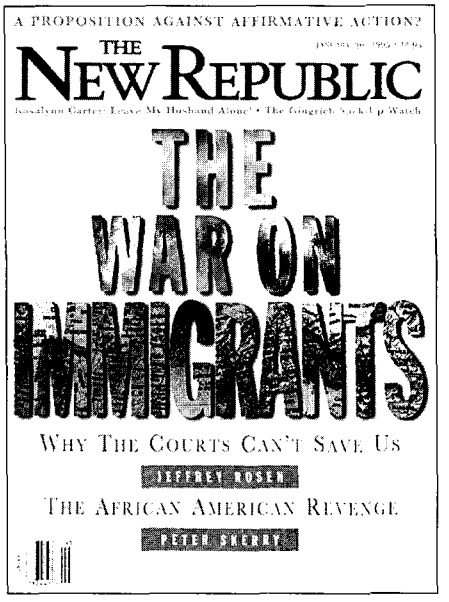
In my defense, however, and also in Peter Carroll's, I'd like to cite a few words from a younger Radosh. In 1982 Radosh asked in a review of *Which Side Were You On*, "Was the [American Communist] Party's Americanization, as Theodore Draper wrote, something that 'corresponded to the fluctuation of Russian policy,' which did not stem from 'a compelling need within the American Communists themselves'?" Apparently not, in Radosh's view. "Draper was correct to stress that Americanization did coincide with Moscow's foreign policy goals when it was permitted, but he was wrong to imply that it was not a real felt need among the members—particularly among the young recruits of the 1930s, who had fought in Spain and in World War II" (*The Village Voice*, March 2, 1982).

One has to admire Radosh's consistency over the years; whatever historical and political opinions he happens to subscribe to at any particular moment, he defends with real verve and passion.

MAURICE ISSERMAN
Clinton, New York

Ronald Radosh replies:

It says something about Peter Carroll that



he cites a May 1941 document but admits he does "not claim to know precisely what [it] means." That is a weak reed indeed on which to build a case. At any rate, nowhere in Carroll's own book does he cite this document. I apologize to Herbert Romerstein for suggesting that most of his research came from the work of Harvey Klehr and John Haynes. I should have said a "good portion of" instead. Klehr and Haynes have informed me, in particular, that the findings I cited on Milton Wolff and the OSS came from documents Romerstein found that he had given to them.

As for the matter of I. F. Stone: Former KGB General Oleg Kalugin, in his recent memoir, states definitively that KGB files indicate Stone was not a Soviet agent.

Fat Slavs

To the editors:

Robert Brustein's review of *Slavs* ("Intellect into Passion," January 30) is a bit unbalanced. Apparently, Brustein takes it as a given that there is something admirable about old Bolsheviks, yet Newt Gingrich is a monster. There is something disturbing about a perspective that seems to embrace the notion that a professed devotion to allegedly noble ideals makes you superior to professional politicians. So what if your cause led to the pointless slaughter of millions, your heart was in the right place.

JOHN A. KELLEHER
Summit, New Jersey

It's only rock and roll

To the editors:

Chris Bonastia's article on the rise of 1970s-oriented radio formats ("Sucking in the '70s," January 30) is slightly amusing to anyone who's lived in Rustbelt cities where the distinction between "Arrow," classic rock and pop rock versions of the '70s is meaningless. Here, the majority of local stations have been stuck in the 1970s since the hostages were released.

I find it ridiculous that a radio programmer would actually distinguish between formats that follow up "Beast of Burden" with Steve Miller, James Taylor or Pink Floyd; or claim with a straight face that songs like "Jet," "Give a Little Bit" and "Don't Bring Me Down" are not played on radio stations today.

WKFM of Fulton, New York, would have played all these songs, plus genuinely overlooked '70s songs (such as Sugarloaf's "Green-Eyed Lady" or a rarely played song like Led Zeppelin's "In the Light") during its glory period in the late 1980s. However, the station has subsequently gone country-western. Perhaps there's a lesson there for all those visionary radio programmers.

DANIEL CASE
Clarence, New York

To the editors:

Irony of ironies. Chris Bonastia writes that, in part, "Tommy Edwards offered the theory that the music people were listening to when they became sexually active is the most important music to them for the rest of their lives."

Tommy Edwards. "It's All in the Game." Remember? "Many a tear has to fall...." I think the Tommy Edwards referred to in the article (surely it's not the same one) had it almost right. However, reaching puberty might have been better than "sexually active." I think that is why I remember that song so well. Sexually active? Ah, if only ...

STEPHEN MOSLEY
Sikeston, Missouri

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FROM WASHINGTON

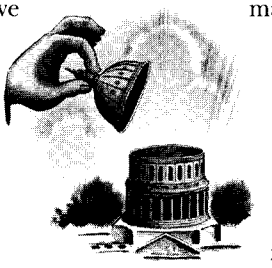
Cyberbunk

We are all taking the ideas of Alvin Toffler very seriously these days, thanks to House Speaker Newt Gingrich's enthusiasm for Toffler's "Third Wave information revolution." So it was probably inevitable that a backlash (or is it backwash?) would develop. In *The New Yorker*, Hendrik Hertzberg ominously compares "Tofflerism-Gingrichism," with its faith in a "future paradise of decentralization," to Marxism-Leninism, with its belief in the inevitability of communism. In a cover story for *Time*, my colleague (and TRB doppelgänger) Robert Wright portrays Toffler as a misguided promoter of "electronically wiring the citizenry." The citizenry is indeed being wired, Wright says, but what that leads to is "hyperdemocracy," defined as "a nation that ... is thoroughly plugged in to Washington—too plugged in for its own good."

I'm sorry, but I don't get it. Maybe I'm blinkered by antiquated Second Wave thinking, but the troubles of our democracy do not seem to me to be rooted in technological developments, even the "spectacular advances in communications technology" that Toffler says will "open a mind-boggling array of possibilities for direct citizen participation." Is it possible that these changes are not as revolutionary as Gingrich claims, and that therefore they aren't as scary as Wright claims? There might even be a catchy new word to describe the excessive fear of electronic democracy. How about Cybernoia?

The "hyperdemocracy" thesis, Wright makes clear, is actually composed of two distinct complaints. The first concerns the power of political minorities ("special interests"). Technology, the argument goes, has radically lowered the cost of forming a special-interest group. When James Madison wrote *The Federalist Papers*, he could claim that the sheer size of the country made it hard for "factions" to "discover their own strength and act in unison with each other." But then came the telegraph, and radio, and direct-mail technology that allowed anyone with cash and a mailing list to gin up a lobby. Today, factions form spontaneously on the Internet. The resulting explosion of interest groups paralyzes Washington, producing what journalist Jonathan Rauch has called "demosclerosis."

But there is another equally threatening effect of communications technology, according to Wright: it allows "the constant canvassing of public sentiment." Here we are concerned with the power of the *majority*, and its instantaneous impact on the government. In effect, the "ever more rapid feedback" between the voters and Congress short-circuits the deliberative, representative democracy envisioned in the Constitution, producing something more like a plebiscitary system. The result, Wright says, is the "impulsive passage of dubious laws." He points to the rapid journey of the "three strikes and you're out" idea from talk-show cause to federal legislation. Gingrich's promised "electronic town-hall meetings" will only make matters worse, as majority passions become law with the push of a button.



The first, obvious thing to note about these two sinister cybernetic trends is that they are contradictory. Trend No. 1 makes it easier for minorities to organize and thwart the majority interest. Trend No. 2 makes it easier for the majority to blow away dissenting minorities. Mightn't the two trends cancel each other out?

A close reading of Toffler's apocalyptic pomposities confirms that this would not be a bad thing. In *The Third Wave*, Toffler initially declares that "the first heretical principle of Third Wave government is that of minority power." Majority rule, he claims, is "increasingly obsolete." Toffler excoriates "Second Wave ideologues" who "attack ... 'fragmentation' and 'balkanization.'" Instead, he embraces fragmentation, urging "ethnic groups" to "set up their own youth courts," calling for "facilitators trained in issue clarification" who would "help minorities—whether professional, ethnic, sexual, regional, recreational or religious—to form and break alliances more quickly." (Is this man a visionary, or what?)

But Toffler soon has second thoughts. "Some day," he says, "future historians may look back on ... the search for majorities as an archaic ritual." But for now we "cannot allow tiny minorities to make vast decisions...." He then touts various high-tech, direct-democracy gimmicks for enforcing the majority's will. Half the votes in Congress, he suggests, should be turned over to a scientifically selected random sample of the public. They would electronically register their opinions from "their homes and offices."

For all his silliness, Toffler winds up recognizing the obvious: minority power (Wright's Trend No. 1) is a much more serious threat than plebiscitary rule (Trend No. 2). The reason has less to do with microchips than with Madison. As Wright notes, Madison designed the Constitution to frustrate *majority* factions, not "special interests." He divided the government into three branches, and the legislature into two, all with the express purpose of ensuring that any flame of popular sentiment would be "unable to spread a general conflagration." He did his job all too well. His stalemate machine frustrates majorities that demand action, while rewarding minorities that demand special programs or subsidies as the price of letting legislation pass. One result is the current budget deficit.

If Gingrichian communications technology—talk radio, faxes, making the text of legislation available in cyberspace—helps the nation's majority cut through this Madisonian tangle, so much the better. It's especially difficult for Wright to portray "populist" technology as a cause of the deficit, given that today's big populist crusade is to cut the budget.

But it's also becoming clear, as Gingrich's sweeping proposals die in the Senate, that all the electronics in the world are no match for Madison's obstructionist contraption. Empowering a majority to actually defeat the minorities—letting Trend No. 2 defeat Trend No. 1—will take some structural tinkering. The line-item veto, recently passed by the House, is a good start. It would vastly strengthen the power of the nationally elected president to trump the inherently parochial interests of Congress.

A stronger reform would take Wright's ominous plebiscitary trend to its logical conclusion—namely, plebiscites. You want to cut down on "demosclerosis"? Let the president, once a year, frame a piece of legislation and put it before the entire nation. The mere threat of a plebiscite pitting the majority against one or two minority lobbies would make *all* special interests considerably more amenable to compromise. Does the nation need to spend billions subsidizing agribusinesses in a few Midwestern states? Let the people vote! They don't even have to vote electronically. Pen and paper will do. It's Second Wave, but it might work.

MICKEY KAUS

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

FEBRUARY 27, 1995

THE MOST DANGEROUS BRANCH

Another high-minded editorial denouncing the balanced budget amendment? So many conservative and liberal eminences, from Robert Bork to Archibald Cox, have lifted their voices in principled distress that it seems unsporting of the Senate not to have called off the debate. But perhaps the most important facet of the case against the amendment—that it would represent a radical transfer of power from Congress to the courts—is worth repeating. Yes, we're for balancing the budget. And yes, President Clinton's unequivocal defense of Medicare and Social Security was sad and weak, if politically understandable. If the Senate joins the House in passing the line-item veto—the strongest weapon against pork—the budgets can be balanced by less constitutionally subversive means.

There are two scenarios under which the amendment would be a disaster: either it would be enforceable by the courts or it wouldn't. The amendment says that expenditures shall not exceed receipts unless three-fifths of all the members of both Houses decide otherwise. But what if Congress remains unable to restrain itself? The amendment doesn't specify what happens next. The sunniest scenario is that skittish judges will refuse to intervene for prudential reasons. They might hold, for example, that no one has "standing" to sue the nation. Or they might decide that responsibility for the budget is a "political question" properly assigned to other branches of government. (Even though the point of the amendment is, presumably, to convert the political question into a constitutional one.) In this scenario, the amendment will stand as one of the only unenforceable provisions in our constitutional history, violated with impunity, corroding the rest of the Constitution with its impotence.

The more likely and more alarming possibility is that some judges will feel compelled to enforce the amendment. Several sponsors have even made it clear that they expect courts to do so. We can then look forward to the prospect of unelected judges—and their twenty-something law clerks—dusting off their college economics textbooks and ordering Congress to raise taxes, or enjoining the president from spending money, as the spirit moves them. This possibility is hardly academic: in *Missouri* v. *Jenkins*, the Supreme Court held that a federal district court could require state tax increases to fund a school desegregation program. And, in at least five states with balanced budget amendments, courts have injected themselves into the budget process, forbidding various governors from impounding funds.

There are even more arcane possibilities. A criminal defendant who is prosecuted under a crime bill that authorized new fines could argue that the bill unconstitutionally "increased revenues," and paralyzed the criminal justice system. At the very least, judges would have to resolve all the unresolvable questions that have confounded Congress: How do you calculate receipts and outlays? Are loan guarantees covered? What about federal regulations that shift costs to the private sector? And so on. As judges bicker, the government could grind to a halt.

Congress wants another branch to save it from its own excessive generosity to the middle class. It has only two candidates: the president and the courts. If Congress has to pass the buck, far better to pass it to the president via the line-item veto. Constitutionalists in the Senate are justifiably worried that the veto would strengthen the president at the expense of Congress. One solution: restrict the veto to only those cases in which Congress has failed to balance the budget.

The Framers of the Constitution expected the judiciary to be the "least dangerous branch," because it would have "no influence over either the sword or the purse; no direction either of the strength or of the wealth of the society." The balanced budget amendment, railroaded through the House with scarcely any debate, threatens to convert the judiciary into the most dangerous branch, giving it unreviewable powers to set economic policy for the nation. It should be stopped. •

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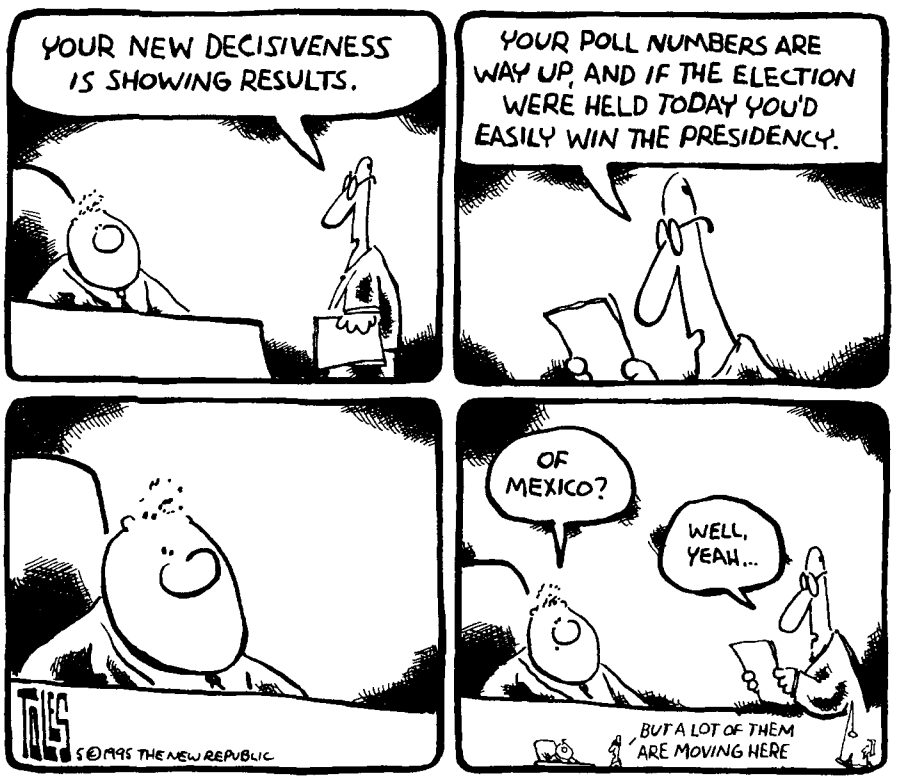
NOTEBOOK

SIC TRANSIT: "I am sick of the case, if you really want to know," said Brentwood mail clerk Cindy Moody. Crown Point, Indiana, began selling advertising space on the back of the town's police cars for $1,600. Boulder, Colorado, police revealed they spent $6,700 to send fifty police officers to provide security for a five-person Ku Klux Klan rally. Miami jurors took fifteen minutes to recommend the electric chair for murderer Gerardo Manso, one day after he tried to attack the prosecutor with a microphone. Nashville police began investigating whether Raymond Mitchell committed rape by fraud when he called women late at night, persuaded them to unlock their doors, undress and wait for him in bed blindfolded. Three women did so, each thinking he was her boyfriend; another had sex with "fantasy man" twice a week for two months. Republican freshman Sonny Bono told House Democrats to "keep in mind—you lost." Bill Clinton's horoscope said, "This could be the start of something big."


YOUR NEW DECISIVENESS IS SHOWING RESULTS.
YOUR POLL NUMBERS ARE WAY UP, AND IF THE ELECTION WERE HELD TODAY YOU'D EASILY WIN THE PRESIDENCY.
OF MEXICO?
WELL, YEAH...
BUT A LOT OF THEM ARE MOVING HERE
TOLES ©1995 THE NEW REPUBLIC

THE WAY SHE IS: Which to be flattered by more: Barbra Streisand's singling out TNR for attack in her recent speech at Harvard's Kennedy School, or her describing us in the same breath as a "respectable publication"? Whatever, she makes our case about the idiocy of Hollywood better than we could. Who fed her those lines? Rush Limbaugh? Her speech should make intelligent liberals cringe. According to Streisand, the debate between left and right is simply a "conflict between those who would widen freedom and those who would narrow it; between those who defend tolerance and those who view it as a threat," between evil and those on the "humanist, compassionate side of public debate." She doesn't draw a distinction between failing to subsidize art and censoring it outright: "To deny artists, or any of us, for that matter, free expression and free thought—or worse, to force us to conform to some rigid notion of 'mainstream American values'—is to weaken the very foundation of democracy." The role of religion in public life is reduced to this gem: "Is God really against gun control and food stamps for poor children?" The task of fighting AIDS amounts to a choice between Elizabeth Taylor and Senator Jesse Helms. And art itself is flattened into this platitude: "Art finds a way to be constructive. It becomes heat in cold places; it becomes light in dark places." Streisand then cites one example of an artist's response to political change: "During the riots of the '60s, when people tried to explain the inexplicable, Aretha Franklin sang simply what was being asked for, 'R-E-S-P-E-C-T.'" Has Streisand read the lyrics to that song? Or did she just memorize the words? The deepest idiocy of her speech was her complete misreading of those who've seen fit to criticize some Hollywood types for their pronouncements. It is not jealousy on the part of obscure editors. Nor is it an attack on political art (in which category Streisand hilariously includes *Yentl*). It's not even a criticism of celebrities. It's a criticism of a culture that has come so to idolize celebrity that it mistakes it for genuine authority. In politics, that authority properly belongs to those who run for election or hold public office, or to citizens who make arguments about public life that can be judged on their merits. All we're saying is that actors should be given no particular credence on these matters just because they're famous and raise megabucks for politicians. If celebrities want to express opinions, their views should be judged on the merits, like anybody else's. Streisand's opinions have finally been given the airing we longed for. She turns out not to be the complete airhead we suspected. But it's close.

EVERYONE WILL WEAR HIS UNDERWEAR ON THE OUTSIDE, SO WE CAN CHECK: At first it was annoying, all that yammering about laptops and ant hills and paradigms and orphanages and waves and giraffes and pig infections. But now it's clear that Newt Gingrich's

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penchant for blurting out whatever comes to his mind, whenever it comes to his mind, may be the Democrats' best hope for resurrection. After all, Bill Clinton once had the market on logorrhea. In the past month alone, along with the babes-in-the-foxhole remark, the speaker has nonchalantly announced that NASA should have been dismantled after the Apollo moon landings; students should be taught using not books but "virtual reality" computer programs; and high school should be reduced to two or three years, because the government shouldn't be in the business of "subsidizing dating." "We're maintaining a fabric of education within which they can pursue their social life. This is crazy." Sure is, Mr. Speaker. You just keep on talking.

UPS AND DOWNS:

Congestive Heart Failure Cases Rise, Experts Say
—*The Los Angeles Times*, January 16

Death Rate Declines From Heart Disease
—*The New York Times*, January 16

American Express Net Climbs 16%
—*The New York Times*, January 24

Net at American Express Fell 16% In 4th Quarter
—*The Wall Street Journal*, January 24

(Thanks to Elliot Brown, Los Angeles, California, and Satish Kini, Arlington, Virginia.)

FIRST IN HIS CLASS: We're delighted to see that David Maraniss's superb new biography of Bill Clinton, *First In His Class*, provides fascinating details on the president's principle-free rise to the top. It's now clear, for example, that the only thing that scared Clinton more than Vietnam was the University of Arkansas. But we wonder if this is indeed the same Maraniss of *The Washington Post* who wrote back in 1992 of Clinton's schmoozability: "Those who have observed Clinton closely over the years say it is not so much a need to straddle the fence, as skeptics presume, as a sincere empathy." Or who wrote of Clinton's losing the 1980 governor's race: "Clinton emerged from that experience with an intense desire to listen to people." Or even, heaven forfend, of the bimbo eruptions: "The issue of women and Clinton, [Betsey] Wright said, was something she constantly dealt with during the 1980s when she worked for him in the Arkansas governor's office. 'Ninety-nine percent of it is not true,' Wright said. 'And there is 1 percent where I didn't know where he was. I think there was a lot of wishful thinking on the part of some women.' " In his latest book, Maraniss notes of Betsey Wright: "For years, she told friends later, she had been covering up for him. She was convinced that some state troopers were soliciting women for him, and he for them." For his earlier reporting, Maraniss won a Pulitzer Prize. We suggest it be awarded retroactively for fiction.

MORE BELLS TOLLING: One of the last legacies of Bosnia is finally unraveling. Humiliated by the pounding Islam has taken from the Orthodox Serbs, Bosnian Muslims have now begun to assert themselves in what's left of Bosnia. The result is an interfaith spat in the Muslim-Croat federation. Five of the incumbents in the seven-person rotating Bosnian presidency (which never quite rotated) have protested the primacy being given to Islam and Islamic symbols in Bosnian life. It will surely not be long before Croatian Catholics once again battle their Muslim neighbors, as they did so ferociously throughout 1993 and 1994. Their ephemeral alliance originated less in a vision of harmony than in their common fear of an Orthodox enemy that controlled the heavy weapons of the former Yugoslavia. So Muslims may soon be caught again in a pincer between two Christian denominations. But one of the greatest divides in Europe is the line between these two, between the Orthodox churches and Catholicism. It cuts through Ukraine, separating Poland from Russia (or, more properly, White Russia), and, of course, is the real frontier between Croatia and Serbia. In the West, we're not used to attributing political differences to religious conflict. But this, alas, is a failure of our imagination. When the armies of Franjo Tudjman are marshaled against the armies of Milosevic we will be hearing the still-resonant echoes of the millennial struggles between Rome and Constantinople.

LEAST FAVORITE NATION: What signal is sent by President Clinton's decision to retaliate for Chinese piracy of American films and C.D.s by slapping some Chinese goods with the largest trade sanctions the U.S. has ever imposed? The entertainment biz, one of the last (and wealthiest) bastions of the Democratic Party, hails the determination to stand up for American, i.e., their own, interests. We're not so impressed. Rather, the president's action merely reinforces the message that his foreign policy's bottom line is promoting U.S. exports. The Chinese have jailed and harassed dissidents, squashed Tibet, used slaves to produce goods for foreign markets and obstructed U.S. efforts to denuclearize North Korea—all without provoking any interruption in trade with America, much less in Washington's pursuit of "strategic engagement" with China's aged leaders. Indeed, last May Clinton reversed course and backed Most Favored Nation status (those huge tariff reductions, which swamp the increases threatened last week, went into effect January 1). But this time, the Chinese went too far. They upset Jack Valenti.

THE THOMAS FRIEDMAN METAPHOR AWARD: "Clearly, the players and owners are not capable of settling this strike without an umpire.... The only way to do this appears to be for Congress to step up to the plate.... In short, we're saying it's time to play ball." —Bill Clinton, on the baseball strike negotiations, February 7. •

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ON THE HILL

BALANCING ACT

By Fred Barnes

Democratic Senator Tom Daschle of South Dakota was once an ardent backer of the balanced budget amendment. His support was unconditional. "Requiring the government to operate within its budget does not mean that all important new initiatives or existing programs will have to be abandoned or gutted," he said reassuringly. "Nor does it mean we would be forced to renege on our current obligation to America's seniors." Dianne Feinstein, Democratic senator from California, was another amendment booster. She endorsed it without caveats, voted for it, campaigned on it.

That was 1994, when embracing the balanced budget amendment (or "BBA" in Capitol Hill parlance) was safe for Democrats. The BBA had little chance of congressional passage. And, even if it had miraculously won a two-thirds majority in the Senate and House, its chances of ratification by three-fourths of the states were slim. Times have changed. Now the BBA has already cleared the House (300-132) and is only a few votes short of the necessary sixty-seven in the Senate. The states? After last fall's massive pickups, the GOP controls a majority of legislatures for the first time in decades, giving the BBA a reasonable chance at ratification. The upshot is that Senate Democrats are suddenly leery of the amendment. And its prospects for passage have dimmed.

Seventeen current Democratic senators voted for the BBA in 1994 (it fell four votes short) and three others who voted against it last year backed it in 1986 (it failed by one vote). But BBA backers count only nine in support now: Richard Bryan of Nevada, Ben Campbell of Colorado, Bob Graham of Florida, Howell Heflin of Alabama, Fritz Hollings of South Carolina, Herb Kohl of Wisconsin, Carol Moseley-Braun and Paul Simon of Illinois and Chuck Robb of Virginia. Added to fifty-two Republicans, that brings the BBA count to sixty-one—six short. Of the eight other Democrats who backed the amendment last year, at least two—James Exon of Nebraska and Sam Nunn of Georgia—are expected to vote for it again. But Daschle and Feinstein aren't.

They have their newfound reasons. Feinstein insists the BBA must exempt Social Security from the balanced budget equation. "In the past year, I've done a lot of thinking about this," she noted on January 31. The BBA "would allow surplus Social Security funds to balance the budget. The surpluses could wind up being used to pay for general government programs instead of being saved for tomorrow's retirees, as intended." O.K., but this is no different from last March 1 when she voted for the BBA. Daschle accepts the GOP promise to protect Social Security, but turns that into a problem. "If, as the contract with America says, you take Social Security benefits off the table, then everything else would have to be cut by 18 percent," he said on February 3. "That includes everything, including defense, which the contract says should be increased. But, if you remove defense along with Social Security, then everything else has to be cut by 29 percent. That would mean cutting a fifth out of Medicare."

Daschle's calculations are dubious, but at least he's getting at the real issue. It's not just Social Security or, as some Democrats have claimed, the diminution of congressional authority or the BBA's lack of an enforcement mechanism. (The fear of most Democrats isn't that it won't be enforced, but that it will.) The core issue is how much government Washington is going to dispense. The BBA's downward pressure on spending is bound to shrink the role of the federal government, probably a lot. It gives Republicans more leverage in cutting programs, especially those for Democratic constituencies. It also gives Republicans an excuse if cuts prove unpopular: the BBA made me do it. "This is the stake in the heart of the liberal welfare state," says Republican Senator Larry Craig of Idaho, who heads the GOP "rapid response team" on the BBA. Given this, it's amazing that Simon, a liberal, is the most vocal Democratic backer of the amendment. He argues that by ending federal borrowing the BBA will reduce interest rates several percentage points. "When you reduce interest rates that much, you create additional resources that are available for programs for the poor. We're not going to have to squeeze programs for the poor."

Not many Democrats (or Republicans) agree with Simon. And they've come up with a scheme to force Republicans to spell out spending cuts that would produce a balanced budget in 2002. Forty-one Democrats signed a letter asking for "a seven-year budget resolution and reconciliation bill.... All of us, whether we favor or oppose the constitutional balanced budget amendment, support the idea that Americans have a right to know." Actually, their theory is that once Americans know, they'll oppose the BBA. Senate Majority Leader Bob Dole rejected the seven-year budget out of hand. After all, says GOP Senator Spencer Abraham of Michigan, the White House favors progress toward a balanced budget, and it hasn't produced a seven-year spending plan.

To save the BBA, Republicans want to create a national drumbeat for it, like the clamor they generated last year to defeat Clinton's health care plan. Their strategy includes T.V. ads, talk radio interviews, press conferences by state and local officials and daily pro-BBA

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activity in Washington. Republicans would also like to enlist right-wing groups, but many are cool to an amendment that doesn't require a three-fifths vote to increase taxes. But the theme of the BBA campaign may appeal to conservatives: Are you for Clinton, who opposes the amendment, or for the mandate of last November's election, which calls for the BBA? "Americans ought to know if the country doesn't have a balanced budget amendment, Bill Clinton is the reason," says GOP Representative David McIntosh of Indiana. The White House point man on the BBA, Gene Sperling, counters that, with majorities in Congress, Republicans can have a balanced budget now. "They ought to look to the Nike commercials, not the Constitution, and just do it."

No chance of that. Republicans believe that 1995 offers the one chance in a generation to pass the BBA, first introduced in Congress in 1936. The trouble is their vote projections reach only sixty-seven or sixty-eight. To get there, they can't afford to lose both Feinstein and Daschle. But Feinstein appears gone. And will the Senate minority leader vote for an amendment that his president and two-thirds of his party oppose? Don't bet on it. •

Why we saved Mexico.

THE RESCUERS

By Michael Prowse

Bill Clinton and Robert Rubin have just defused the first financial crisis of the twenty-first century. At least, that's what they would like the world to believe. The $50 billion international rescue package for Mexico orchestrated by the U.S. Treasury was needed, we are told, not just to relieve economic distress south of the border, but to prevent a global financial meltdown. With so much capital sloshing across national borders, a default by Mexico might have triggered the withdrawal of funds from dozens of developing countries—the so-called emerging markets—not to mention a few heavily indebted industrial countries. That, in some ill-defined way, would have threatened the stability of the global financial system. We should thus be eternally grateful that when the U.S. unilateral loan guarantee scheme foundered in Congress, Clinton and Rubin strong-armed foreign governments and the International Monetary Fund into supporting an even larger rescue package.

This train of argument is superficially appealing. The United States certainly has an economic interest in the health of its southern neighbor, though a rather more limited interest than Clinton likes to admit. Since Mexico's gross domestic product is only about 4 percent of that of the United States, even an economic catastrophe there would not threaten American prosperity. The loss of U.S. exports as a result of a Mexican recession would probably depress U.S. national income by only a few tenths of a percentage point. This does not completely undermine the case for supporting Mexico: the United States has good political reasons to bolster the Ernesto Zedillo regime (since the alternatives are deemed worse) and to try to head off another wave of illegal Mexican immigration. There are also humanitarian grounds for wanting to ease the pain of economic adjustment in a poor country.

But accepting that Mexico needed some help hardly justifies a $50 billion rescue package, the largest ever mounted. This includes $20 billion from the U.S. Exchange Stabilization Fund (which was primarily intended to defend the U.S. dollar in currency crises), an exceptional $17.8 billion from the IMF (seven times what Mexico could hope to borrow under the fund's normal rules) and an additional $10 billion from the central banks of industrial countries. Taxpayer support of this kind would make sense only if the global financial system were on the verge of collapse.

At times U.S. officials hinted that it was. When Bill Seidman, the former FDIC chairman and something of an expert on bailouts, attacked the administration plan on T.V., Treasury Undersecretary Larry Summers replied that such negativism had put the "great" in the Great Depression. Yet this analogy hardly seems apt. The Depression reflected public policy errors of a different order: the Federal Reserve's failure to sustain monetary growth and a global descent into crude protectionism in the 1930s.

The Mexican crisis was somewhat more routine. A medium-sized developing country ran up an imprudently large current account deficit (8 percent of GDP) and accumulated excessive amounts of short-term, dollar-linked debt. Predictably, Mexico eventually ran low on foreign exchange reserves and was forced to devalue the peso, after assuring investors this would never happen. The financial shock waves spread rapidly, causing a "flight to quality," a withdrawal to safer investments. Share, bond and currency values plummeted in the rest of Latin America, Eastern Europe and much of Asia. In subsequent weeks, every time the Mexican plan seemed to falter, these markets lost ground.

Declines in the value of risky investments by banks, pension funds and mutual funds are not comparable to an implosion of the domestic money supply—which is what happened in the United States in the 1930s. Indeed, the relative stability of the stock markets in New York, London and Tokyo suggested that the investing public did not share the authorities' fear of a global crisis; it simply wanted its money back on Mexican investments.

The prices of financial assets in emerging markets are notoriously volatile. When markets hear bad (or good) news, they typically overshoot: the immediate plunge in response to the Mexican crisis was thus not a good

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guide to the longer-term assessment, which was bound to be more sanguine. Some marking down of emerging-market securities was in any case desirable. Investors in industrial countries were enticed into these markets by remarkably high returns; Mexico's debacle was a timely reminder that the price of high returns is always high risk. Once the initial panic subsided, the flow of funds to developing countries almost certainly would have resumed. Professional investors might have invested more selectively, but it's doubtful that they would have boycotted countries that hadn't made Mexico's mistakes just because they were emerging markets. In the competitive world of money management, people cannot afford to be so illogical.

But could the $50 billion support package not be defended as a useful form of insurance? By showing its determination to keep capital flowing freely in increasingly deregulated global markets, didn't the U.S. Treasury reduce the risk of future panics? Again, the argument is suspect. A crisis in another emerging market is bound to occur sooner or later. Michel Camdessus, the IMF's managing director, has hinted that at least ten countries could face their own financial problems. Some analysts are already pointing to Hungary, which has an external deficit as large as Mexico's and a mound of foreign debt. But investors aren't going to keep calm in a future crisis just because the response was so generous this time. Given the limited resources of the IMF and the deep reservations of European finance ministers over the Mexico deal, it seems inconceivable that many more $50 billion rescues could be mounted. Only Canada might expect such help from the United States. What monetary authorities have actually done, then, is to set a new threshold for bailouts—in the future, markets will not regard anything less than $50 billion as credible—without establishing financial mechanisms that would permit similar rescues on anywhere near this scale. If anything, they have created a false sense of security.

What was the alternative to the Mexico bailout? The obvious answer was to allow Mexico and its private-sector creditors to work out a deal among themselves. After all, they got themselves into the mess. If Mexico's economy is fundamentally sound, as the U.S. Treasury claims, and the problem was a short-term liquidity crisis, it ought to have been soluble without a massive injection of public-sector loans and guarantees. With a default looming, there must have been terms on which investors would have agreed to lengthen the maturity of Mexico's short-term debt. Any collateral that could be offered to taxpayers—such as rights to future oil revenues—could also be offered to private investors.

The fundamental question raised by the Mexican crisis is whether global investors are to be treated as adults or children. Are they to be responsible or not? We are supposedly entering a brave new world of global capitalism. Economic development is being powered by market forces, rather than the financial largess of finance ministers and multilateral agencies such as the IMF and the World Bank. After decades of paternalistic constraints, the pattern of growth is increasingly determined by the financial decisions of independent private-sector investors, all seeking high returns. These are desirable and long-overdue changes. But they will not lead to greater prosperity if the market's safety mechanisms are repeatedly overridden. Countries have to pay a price for imprudent policies; individuals have to pay a price for rash investments. The problem with bailouts is that they reward irresponsibility and so make future crises more likely. Rubin and Co. wanted to make global capitalism safe for the mutual fund investor. They actually made it far riskier.

MICHAEL PROWSE is a Washington-based columnist for *The Financial Times* of London.

NATIONAL INSECURITY

ROCK THE CASBAH

By Charles Lane

News quiz: Where did the following events take place? Guerrillas hijack an airliner, only to die in a violent raid by security forces. In retaliation, the rebels kill four foreign Roman Catholic priests, then set off a car bomb in the middle of the capital, killing forty-two people and injuring 256—the bloodiest incident in three years of civil war. Revenge is again taken when military death squads kill fifteen militants. U.S. officials estimate the weekly death toll at 700 or more. Is it: (*a*) El Salvador, 1982; (*b*) the Battle of Algiers, 1958; (*c*) Iran, 1979; (*d*) all of the above; or (*e*) none of the above?

The right answer is (*e*). The horrors took place in the past two months in Algeria. Underplayed by the American media (it's too dangerous to send reporters), the war in the Maghreb's most populous nation is the bloodiest in the Middle East; it pits Islamic radicals against a brutal military junta, which usurped power in December 1991 to head off an Islamic election victory. The direct threat to U.S. interests is small—neither side has any interest in cutting off Algeria's oil and gas. But the repercussions could be large. They include a floodtide of refugees in France, Algeria's former colonial metropole; bolder Islamic movements in Egypt, Tunisia and Morocco; increased tension between the West and Islam; and more contentious Franco-American relations. "It's a huge issue," says a Pentagon official. "In a normal world where we weren't so preoccupied with the revolution in Congress, we'd be more focused on it."

But those of you who checked (*d*) would have received at least partial credit, for spotting the analogies.

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Algeria is France's El Salvador: just as the Reagan administration backed a brutal and corrupt army in El Salvador as preferable to a Communist insurgency, so the French support Algeria's military with intelligence, training, money and arms, because they see radical Islam as the greater evil—especially directly south of them. The situation today is also a replay of the Battle of Algiers, and not just in the tactical sense that both sides are engaging in the nastiest kinds of back-alley murder and torture. Emotional bonds to Algeria are strong in France, especially among military officers who got their first taste of combat in Algiers a generation ago. For Algerians, the legend of that uprising makes violence a legitimate response to illegitimate authority. Only today, that authority was created by the same secular nationalists who ousted the French—then built a rotten socialist economy, shot protesters by the hundreds and stole the one election they ever allowed.

And then there's the Iran analogy. Once again, the West faces the overthrow of a pliant but unsavory dictatorship by little-understood fundamentalist forces. This comparison, though, may be the least exact. Algeria's Muslims are Sunnis, not Shiites like Iran's, and so may be less likely to harbor millennial, hegemonic aspirations than their Persian counterparts. At least Algeria's Muslims tried to gain power democratically before they were thwarted—which enhances the legitimacy of their war and raises the hope that, in power, they might be easier to work with than the Khomeinists.

It is over the meaning of the Iran analogy that the United States and France part company. For the French, uneasy about Muslim immigrants' influence on their own society, a theocratic state so close to them is abhorrent. Many urban, secular Algerians—especially women—feel the same way and are torn between their support for democracy and their fear that it will lead to a mullah-run state. For the Clinton administration, on the other hand, the crisis offers a low-risk laboratory for its more open approach toward Islamic movements. "The American quarrel with Iran should not be misconstrued as a 'clash of civilizations'," national security adviser Anthony Lake wrote in a March 1994 *Foreign Affairs* article. "Washington does not take issue with the 'Islamic' dimension of the Islamic Republic of Iran.... America has a deep respect for the religion and culture of Islam. It is extremism, whether religious or secular, that we oppose."

So, while the United States has approved agricultural credits to Algiers and IMF efforts to fix the Algerian economy, it has also criticized the military's human rights abuses and let a leader of the Islamic Salvation Front (known by its French acronym, FIS) take up residence in the United States. (France pursues such people in its territory.) The United States refuses to predict disaster should the fundis take over. "If we look at things FIS said before the [1991] elections, some of them said disturbing things about the U.S., Israel and the peace process," hedges one official. "But we won't know what they are really like as long as there is no formula where they share responsibility for determining the shape of Algeria's political process."

In chilly meetings with their French counterparts, U.S. officials have let it be known that they consider the Algerian military's crackdown "counterproductive" and want to see a negotiated solution. Hindsight suggests that the French think the United States is naïve about "moderate" Islam, just as the Reaganites thought the French were naïve about "moderate" leftists in Central America. The French may have realism on their side in both cases—in the ironic sense that the threat of communism essentially died out when the Soviet Union collapsed, whereas Islamic rebellion belongs to every historical epoch, pre- and post-cold war. Still, there's no denying that the tactics France's allies have used to crush the insurgency so far seem only to have stimulated it.

The French are also annoyed because they see a repeat of the unwelcome American involvement in their Algeria crisis of the late '50s. President Eisenhower, working with Habib Bourguiba of Tunisia (then America's anointed "moderate Arab"), tried to play honest broker between the Algerian nationalists and a French government Eisenhower considered "stupid" and unwilling "to face international facts," according to the president's journal, as quoted in *Oldest Allies, Guarded Friends* by former Paris CIA Station Chief Charles G. Cogan.

Then, as now, French public opinion indicted America for meddling in France's sphere of influence. Today, Thierry de Montbrial writes in *Le Figaro* of an America that "let the Shah of Iran fall" but now wants to "play the FIS card" to secure pre-eminence in the Arab world. Others say America is appeasing the Islamists, grateful that no American oil men have been among the eighty foreigners killed by insurgents. It may seem far-fetched to imagine an Anthony Lake-plotted American takeover of the Middle East, but French nationalists are not the only Europeans who see his "dual containment" strategy for Iran and Iraq—natural markets for European trade and investment—in similar terms.

In the Battle of Algiers, the French changed course only when Charles de Gaulle's government came to power with national credentials strong enough to blunt a political backlash while carrying out the inevitable retreat. As François Mitterrand's last term winds down, he has seemed somewhat more open to negotiation. When the FIS and other opposition groups issued a cease-fire proposal in Italy last month, the French embraced it, albeit less warmly than the United States. Mitterrand later said he favored a European conference on Algeria.

That idea, however, was immediately shot down by French conservatives, who control the cabinet, who will probably supply France's next president and who are split over what to do next. For its part, Algeria's junta rejects talks out of hand. And FIS's more radical partner, the Armed Islamic Group (GIA), is doing its best to sabotage negotiations. The Italy proposal came after Algeria's

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nominal civilian President Liamine Zeroual had made the conciliatory gesture of letting two FIS leaders move from prison camps to house arrest. Then the GIA hijacked the Air France plane and detonated the car bomb; the military, in turn, stepped up its campaign of "eradication." Zeroual wants to hold elections this year without the Islamist parties, to which FIS has responded by threatening more war. In France and America, we soon may be debating the relevance of another analogy: Beirut. •

P.C. medicine.

SCIENCE BY QUOTA

By Sally L. Satel

Consider the following: researchers find a drug potentially capable of reducing death from heart failure in white men. The National Institutes of Health, excited by the prospect, allots $16 million to study the drug. A bill then comes before Congress that requires, in the name of racial and gender equity, that the drug be tested on women and members of other racial groups as well—dragging out the length of the study and ballooning its costs tenfold. Wouldn't Congress put a stop to this miscarriage of affirmative action? Actually, no. In 1992, when such a bill was introduced, the opposition to it—rallied by Representative Newt Gingrich—was steamrolled. In 1993 President Clinton signed into law the "Clinical Research Equity for Women and Minorities" provision of the National Institutes of Health Revitalization Act, which took effect last June.

Under the law, Congress has mandated that the NIH develop guidelines ensuring the involvement of women and minorities in clinical research. The seemingly laudable goal is to compensate for years of actual and perceived underrepresentation. But while it is one thing for Congress to target diseases for special study—breast cancer and AIDS are two examples—it is quite another for politicians to dictate *how* scientists must do their work. And the guidelines, titled "Inclusion of Women and Minorities as Subjects in Clinical Research," do just that. Worse, an inclusion policy, despite its aims, won't guarantee an equitable distribution of medical breakthroughs; if anything, it will likely yield *fewer* breakthroughs overall.

Wholesale inclusion of minority groups, defined as black, Hispanic, Asian/Pacific Islander and American Indian/Alaskan native, makes little sense unless there's a specific reason to expect that different groups will respond differently to particular treatments. For example, a researcher would need to hypothesize that aspirin would be more or less effective in attenuating neurological complications of stroke in blacks than in Asians. Otherwise, the natural assumption is that race doesn't alter one's susceptibility to a disease or a therapy.

The guidelines allow exemptions from the inclusion rule, such as when a particular disease under study is limited to a specific minority group; sickle-cell anemia, for example, is widely known primarily to affect blacks. Few conditions, however, confine themselves neatly to a single group. Consequently, most investigators likely will be compelled to search far and wide for minority research subjects. By the time a diligent researcher has ensured that adequate numbers of minorities participate, including members of subpopulations—among them, Cuban, Puerto Rican and Mexican Hispanics; African and Caribbean blacks; Chinese, Korean, Indian, Samoan, Vietnamese and Japanese Asians; and American Indians ("specify tribe"), Alaskan Eskimo and Aleutian Natives—the size and price tag of the grant proposal will skyrocket. But, according to the law, "the cost of such inclusion in the trial is not a permissible consideration" for exempting the project from the strictures. And, although they will be especially hard on research conducted in a place with a relatively homogeneous population, such as New Hampshire, geography is also deemed not to be a legitimate excuse.

How did all this come to pass? The story begins about three years ago, when the Congressional Women's Caucus, despite its lack of expertise in the field of statistics, decided to enter the arena of "research methodology," an academic discipline concerned with the evaluation of experimental therapies. The caucus called for the specific inclusion of minorities in NIH-funded clinical research to determine "whether variables [treatments] being studied ... affect ... minority groups differently than other subjects."

The inclusion policy came before Congress in 1992. Then-Director of NIH Dr. Bernadine Healy warned lawmakers that the new research requirement would have "grave implications" affecting "the design of all clinical studies despite the fact that no important differences across racial/ethnic groups are expected for most clinical questions." The NIH's Office of Research on Women's Health predicted that the size of treatment studies would need to be multiplied by "a factor of 5 to 10 with a stultifying effect [on budget] ... and, paradoxically, could hamper planned investigations of racial/ethnic differences." Health and Human Services Secretary Dr. Louis Sullivan also weighed in against it. In Congress, Gingrich took to the floor with poster-sized charts showing how the cost of the NIH-funded project examining the drug digitalis would soar.

In the end, though, the Congressional Women's Caucus managed to turn the inclusion provision into a referendum on civil rights, dousing any spark of opposition from the research community. The passage of the provision dealt the country's researchers a double insult: a federal effort to micromanage science compounded by an affirmative action research plan

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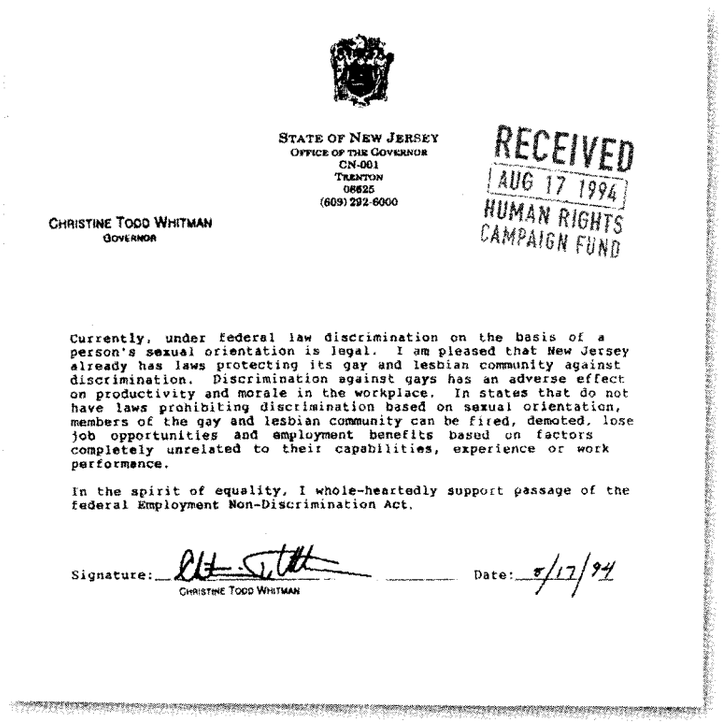

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CHRISTINE TODD WHITMAN
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HUMAN RIGHTS
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Currently, under federal law discrimination on the basis of a person's sexual orientation is legal. I am pleased that New Jersey already has laws protecting its gay and lesbian community against discrimination. Discrimination against gays has an adverse effect on productivity and morale in the workplace. In states that do not have laws prohibiting discrimination based on sexual orientation, members of the gay and lesbian community can be fired, demoted, lose job opportunities and employment benefits based on factors completely unrelated to their capabilities, experience or work performance.

In the spirit of equality, I whole-heartedly support passage of the federal Employment Non-Discrimination Act.

Signature: _____ Date: 8/17/94
CHRISTINE TODD WHITMAN

The Human Rights Campaign Fund and NOW-New Jersey asked **Republican Governor Christine Todd Whitman** of New Jersey to endorse a federal bill prohibiting job discrimination against lesbian and gay Americans. Governor Whitman joined 167 Congressional cosponsors of the Employment Non-Discrimination Act—Democrat, Republican, and Independent—in stating that fairness in the workplace is not a partisan issue, but a fundamental American value. Call or write your Senators and Representative and ask them to cosponsor the Employment Non-Discrimination Act.

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utterly lacking in scientific merit.

How the policy will affect NIH's allocation of its coveted award budget remains to be seen. But, if priority goes to costly "inclusive" projects, the agency clearly will be funding fewer studies. It may even be forced to stop underwriting the investigation of important but controversial issues (such as intelligence or violence) in favor of feel-good science.

In the meantime, researchers have become preoccupied with finding the best way to prepare their applications so that they'll be judged in compliance with the guidelines. To help the researchers through the new regulations, the NIH has produced a booklet containing responses to thirty-six commonly asked questions. Sample query: "What kind of justifications are acceptable for not including all minorities and subpopulations?" Answer: "Evidence from prior research strongly demonstrating no differences between racial/ethnic groups on the outcome variable."

But elsewhere in the booklet the reader is told that including all groups and subpopulations "is still encouraged, even if multiple clinics and sites are needed to accomplish it." This straps the researcher into yet another double bind: if he or she produces an ambitious, inclusive grant application to avoid losing points in the competitive grading process, the application's daunting budget will invite rejection.

There are other unresolved questions, too. Researchers wonder, for example, what it means to study a "representative sample" of minorities. Which of these should the proportion of minority subjects in the study reflect: how many minorities are in the general population; how many minority residents live near the hospital conducting the research; or how many minority individuals suffer the disease under study? And, when time counts, in the study of lethal conditions, such as AIDS, shouldn't researchers be permitted to begin study of an experimental drug with a group of readily available participants rather than postponing the trial until a rainbow coalition of subjects is assembled? Finally, the inclusion policy assumes that gender and race are the most meaningful variables in detecting differences in response to treatment. But in AIDS patients the difference between blacks and whites may be negligible, while the distinction between intravenous drug users and homosexuals has significant treatment implications.

Cognizant of these problems, the NIH's Office of Communications has invited public feedback to be reviewed in June. Nonetheless, plans are underway, according to a senior researcher at NIH, to erect a minibureaucracy that will monitor compliance with the guidelines—a costly innovation that is expected to prolong the grant approval process. Thus, edgy NIH officials have their own double bind: satisfying the inclusion mandate while fulfilling their commitment to quality research.

Congress could enable the NIH to do both. First, it should encourage the NIH to fund more projects designed explicitly to investigate whether group differences in response to certain medical therapies actually exist; this would represent a shift away from the ethnic-pride mentality that celebrates differences, toward the objective question of whether (and under what circumstances) differences exist in the first place—and whether such differences are clinically meaningful. Second, to achieve proportionate representation of minorities in research, each of the twenty-one institutes within the NIH should be free to devote a certain percentage (based on demographic representation, perhaps) of its budget to minority-related health problems.

Not only would these changes grant individual institutes greater flexibility and control, but the research the NIH would fund would actually be *more* responsive to minorities. Instead of mindlessly including all groups, researchers would design single-group trials around the particular minorities at risk for particular diseases, such as Tay-Sachs disease among Ashkenazi Jews or hypertension with renal disease among black Americans.

In addition, this plan would create an incentive to study minority populations. This strategy mimics the logic of clinical research: in short, medical experts are moved to study the conditions they routinely treat. In a South Bronx clinic, this could mean drug-resistant tuberculosis; on an Indian reservation, alcoholism. Make money available for studying these conditions and the applications will pour in.

A research-by-quota model obsessed with the idea that minorities respond differently to treatments than white men won't remedy gaps in medical knowledge. Giving researchers the freedom to target diseases that threaten particular groups, on the other hand, might well advance the nation's health. It might also change politically correct science into scientifically correct policy.

SALLY L. SATEL, on leave from the Yale University School of Medicine, is visiting faculty at the University of Pennsylvania.

Can you be Catholic and for abortion rights?

CHOICE WORDS

By Jennifer Bradley

"Being a dissenter is what brings change in the Church," says Frances Kissling, president of Catholics for a Free Choice. "If there hadn't been dissent, we'd still be castrating little boys so that they could sing with very high voices for the greater glory of God.... We need to punc-

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ture the balloon of authoritarianism. And no group of people is more authoritarian or more pompous than the Roman Catholic bishops."

These bishops, whom Kissling has referred to as "300 men in dresses," have said repeatedly, even authoritatively, that one cannot be Catholic and pro-choice. But Kissling insists there can be good Catholic reasons for having an abortion. Over the past fifteen years she has made a reputation by offering this position to people who want to be both good liberals and good Catholics. Columnist Ellen Goodman calls her "a philosopher of the pro-choice movement." A *Washington Post Magazine* profile coos, "For a person with the restless, intellectual energy of Frances Kissling, the joy of life is in the risk it requires." In recent years, Kissling has appeared on "The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour," C-SPAN and "Nightline," and in *The Los Angeles Times*, *The Boston Globe* and *The Times* of London.

DRAWING BY JOHN SPRINGS FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Talk to Kissling for even a few minutes, and you can understand her popularity with T.V. bookers and op-ed page editors. She looks more like a frumpy aunt than an extremist, with her short soft body, bowl-cut pale hair and electric-blue hexagonal glasses. One leaves her office a little exhausted after listening to her pile idea upon anecdote upon theological twist. But after the buzz wears off it is hard not to conclude that her intelligence and zeal don't fill the gaps in her logic. She's sincere, she's smart, but in her arguments for pro-choice Catholicism she's not convincing.

Born into a working-class Polish-American Catholic family, educated in Catholic schools, Kissling broke with the Church at 20 after spending six months in a convent. Once she was placed in a strict Church-controlled environment, she says, "It became pretty clear to me that I didn't buy the whole ball of wax." She returned to college at St. John's in Queens, a Catholic college, which didn't seem much better. So, in the mid-1960s, she transferred to the New School for Social Research in Greenwich Village. The political projects Kissling undertook there were the generic liberal ones: opposing the Vietnam War, supporting Cuba, advocating women's liberation. Catholicism wasn't in the mix. "I temporarily closed the door on church on leaving the convent," she says. "It was a dramatic moment, a case of making a definitive statement [that] this church had no meaning for my life." During the 1970s Kissling became increasingly active in the abortion rights movement. She ran an abortion clinic, helped establish others—mainly in countries where abortion was illegal—and eventually helped found and run the National Abortion Federation.

But by 1979 Kissling began to have doubts. She had been turned off by what she took to be the pro-choice movement's elitist focus on a pro-choice constitutional amendment. (She preferred to guarantee safe abortions for poor women.) Then, a small six-year-old organization called Catholics for a Free Choice asked her to serve on its board. Kissling says the offer forced her to ask herself, "Could I with any integrity say that I was a Catholic?" Her answer was a qualified yes. "I decided that I was prepared to enter into an experiment, to have a public identity as a Catholic who believed in choice, and that I would also use this to determine whether or not Catholicism had meaning and resonance to me." Now, she attends Mass, but not every Sunday, and takes Communion. As for the other sacraments, "I don't go to confession, I can't get ordained, I've been baptized and confirmed, I'm not ready to die yet and I'm not interested in marriage." Aside from her view of holy matrimony, her sacramental life is exactly that of most American Catholics.

Since 1982, when she became the organization's president, Kissling has risen to some fame. She talks like a political centrist, speaking of the need to "enable women to make thoughtful decisions." But in the end her prescriptions don't stray far from Planned Parenthood's: she's against parental and spousal consent laws and twenty-four-hour waiting periods, and in favor of public funding of abortions, even for well-off women. She does oppose third-trimester abortions, but she doesn't put the issue near the top of her agenda.

Kissling's argument rests on two basic tenets. First is the belief that as long as there are several potentially valid opinions on an issue one can legitimately oppose Church doctrine and take an opinion that grants one more freedom. The Catholic Church and Kissling's group agree that the fetus is a human life and that there is a difference between human life and personhood. Because the Church doesn't take a stand on when a fetus becomes a full-fledged person, Kissling asserts that there are "a variety of options for legitimate moral responses to this lack of knowledge." Thus the two

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views: the Church says this uncertainty demands treating a fetus's life just like that of a person. Kissling holds that, while fetal life deserves respect, especially as a pregnancy advances, fetuses aren't people. But pregnant women are.

Kissling's second tenet is dissent. The Catholic Church itself teaches that a person may follow her conscience even when it conflicts with other Church moral teachings, if, after serious consideration, study and prayer, she remains sure her conscience is correct. "There is a theory of the hierarchy of truths that says that there are some things more essential to Christianity than others," says Steven Pope, an associate professor of theology at Boston College. "Concrete moral rules are never the core of the hierarchy of truths."

Not surprisingly, the Catholic hierarchy is unswayed by these arguments. In November 1993 the U.S. Bishops Conference formally stated that Catholics for a Free Choice has no affiliation with the Church, and implicitly chastised the media for representing the group as "a reputable voice of Catholic dissent." The statement was unequivocal: "There is no room for dissent by a Catholic from the Church's moral teaching that direct abortion is a grave wrong." But Kissling and her followers point to previous about-faces in moral teaching such as slavery, which used to be considered O.K. by the Church.

There are troubling lapses in the pro-choice arguments, though. Take the question of when a fetus becomes a person. Kissling is right to say that over the centuries the Church has changed its view, and now concedes that it just doesn't know when this crucial event occurs. But, within the Church, there has never been doubt, or a variety of opinions, about the belief that abortion is gravely wrong. The penalties have varied, but it has always been a sin. On dissent, too, Kissling is on slippery ground. She has done the requisite praying, reflecting and discussing, and has even found the minimum number of theologians (five) to support her outlaw position. But a key part of the teaching on dissent—what keeps it from being a get-out-of-jail-free card—is that the dissenter has to accept the pedagogical authority of the Church. Kissling won't.

Kissling presents herself as calm and reasoned, trying merely to bring perspective to the abortion debate. In 1989 she wrote in a *Boston Globe* op-ed, "We must take the risk of engaging in moral discourse. While supporting the decision that each woman makes, we must acknowledge that each decision involves weighing legitimate competing values." But she can also be cutting and mean. In a 1993 piece she described Pope John Paul II as "lost in the pelvic zone," comparing him to a spurned lover. In a 1986 *Washington Post Magazine* profile she let loose with, "The Catholic religion makes the fetus into an icon, a figure of religious veneration which I think is sick, really sick." Kissling is aware of the discrepancy between how she acts and how she claims to act. "These two aspects of the organization are in tension with each other," she says. "Over time, the thoughtful side has come to occupy more space, and the provocative side has not disappeared." But she always returns to the position that "there are times when provocativeness is called for.... I see real value in the ten-second sound bite." Indeed, she sometimes seems to want to remake the Church as a progressive interest group. "If the Sierra Club or Ralph Nader took positions different from their membership, that would be a problem. But, if the bishops express views that are profoundly different from Catholic [laity], people get less disturbed by that," she says. That's because they know that the comparison isn't really valid. Politically, Kissling might be able to build a consensus on abortion between those who support it unreservedly and those—most Americans—who are pro-choice but in favor of certain restrictions. But she may have to realize that the philosophical difference between herself and Rome remains one that finally just can't be split. •

BELFAST POSTCARD

THE UNTROUBLES

By Jonathan Stevenson

In Northern Ireland just before Christmas, the murder of an elderly woman in Bangor made the front page. There was no Protestant or Catholic paramilitary involved, no political motivation for the crime. This, perversely, was good news.

Having declared cease-fires months ago, both the Irish Republican Army and the loyalist paramilitaries are talking to the British government instead of killing people. The Royal Irish Regiment station on Malone Road in south Belfast now routinely leaves its gates open—once unthinkable. Security guards at department stores no longer check shopping bags and purses for guns and bombs. Christmas sales were up 20 percent. Unemployment is lower than it has been in thirteen years.

Before the cease-fires, the newspaper headlines were almost always about sectarian violence. Now melodrama has passed into burlesque. A recent lead story in the nationalist *Irish News* was captioned "HOTELS PULL PLUG ON BATH DUCK THEFT." In mid-January, homeboy boxer Ray Close's brain scan bumped the report on Sinn Fein's third round of talks with the Brits to page four.

Cocktail conversation has shifted from political strife to conventional salacious gossip. At a recent gathering, Belfast BBC journalists gabbed about the way office renovation had afforded a prurient construction worker an aerial view of the stalls in the women's bathroom. Lionel Shriver, an American novelist and seven-year resident

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of Ulster, quipped, "This is post-Troubles Northern Ireland." Nobody laughed at her joke. Though street crime has increased slightly since the paramilitaries made themselves redundant, the Royal Ulster Constabulary (RUC) still doesn't have enough to do. The other day I was stopped by three patrolmen and chastised for five minutes for riding my bicycle without a light. The RUC faces daunting layoffs of perhaps 5,000 officers if peace holds. To add to the torpor, on January 14, after twenty-five years of edgy duty, the British army ordered soldiers off daytime foot patrols in West Belfast, IRA breeding ground and site of the largest share of Troubles killings.

Salutary though these trappings of peace may be, the objectives of unionists and nationalists—to remain British and to unite Ireland, respectively—are still diametrically opposed. Sinn Fein (the IRA's political front) has toned down its insistence on islandwide self-determination because the Republic is not economically or culturally ready to absorb Northern Ireland and because demographics suggest that Catholics may one day be a voting majority in the North. The unionists, for their part, have been assured by Britain that Northern Ireland's majority will retain the right of self-determination (the so-called unionist veto), and contest the demographers' claims. Neither side has much maneuvering room, so peace is delicate.

The most sensitive issue is the disarmament of the paramilitaries, who started and perpetuated the Troubles. Republican leaders probably couldn't hand over their weapons and still keep potential dissidents from straying. IRA renegades killed a postal worker in Newry in November, and may have planted a bomb in Enniskillen a month later. Sinn Fein has to look tough to make them happy and therefore continues to be petulant.

On the eve of Sinn Fein's first exploratory talks with the British government, chief negotiator Martin McGuinness called the Brits' response to the IRA cease-fire "nothing short of pathetic" because they had not yet withdrawn their troops. But Sinn Fein, too, has refused to support decommissioning IRA weapons (believed to total about 100 tons) as a precondition to multilateral negotiations. London wants peace even more than Sinn Fein does, and is willing to tolerate boorishness for the sake of keeping the mainland safe from the IRA's Semtex. Hence the suspension of foot patrols in West Belfast despite Sinn Fein's recalcitrance on the weapons issue. McGuinness derided even that move as "minimalist demilitarization."

These tactics may succeed in handcuffing mavericks, but Sinn Fein President Gerry Adams and company also have to compete with Ulster's "new loyalists." While Sinn Fein has played the jeering malcontent, the parties fronting the loyalist paramilitaries have become almost statesmanlike. Though small, these groups control two issues of immediate importance: disarmament and amnesty. Britain's first concessions have gone to the IRA, noted one prominent supporter, "but we are prepared to put up with that in the interests of peace." Indeed, the new loyalists invited John Hume's Social Democratic Labor Party, which favors a united Ireland via constitutional change, to sit down and talk about intercommunity cooperation. The very idea would have been laughable six months ago.

But even the Brits have some appreciation for Sinn Fein's dilemma. Sir Patrick Mayhew, secretary of state for Northern Ireland, candidly admitted that "to some extent, we have got to help Mr. Adams carry with him the people who are reluctant to see a cease-fire, who believe they might be betrayed by the British government." On the other hand, Britain cannot disappoint the many unionists who fear a sellout. Recent leaks from the unpublished "framework document" for peace that London and Dublin are composing suggested that the two governments might treat Ulster and the Irish Republic as a single unit in the European Union—a position so favorable to the nationalists that even Sinn Fein must have been agape. Although the new loyalists remained admirably calm, the mainstream unionists were furious, threatening to reject the document and switch their allegiance from the Tories to Labour.

If the new loyalists agree to disarm or verifiably decommission their weapons before the IRA does, an upstaged Sinn Fein may have to match the loyalists' conciliation. Adams, with celebrated trips to the United States and Canada, has headlined the peace process more than anyone else. Were the IRA to go back to violence, Adams would betray President Clinton and Sinn Fein's American supporters, who have taken him at his word as a man of peace. The global political cost of retrogression would be prohibitively high. Yet, without an armed IRA, Sinn Fein, with a scant 10 percent of the popular vote, is locally emasculated. On January 18, on BBC Radio's "Talkback" show in Belfast, Adams threatened that Britain's insistence on IRA disarmament was "about to create a crisis." What's a supposedly reformed terrorist to do?

Adams surely recognizes that Sinn Fein's initiative could lead to its own decline. As a hedge, the party keeps the Northern Ireland populace from becoming too sanguine by acting bilious. After securing invitations to the Belfast investment conference led by Commerce Secretary Ron Brown last December, Sinn Fein city councillors walked out of the gathering. But it's a safe bet the republicans won't boycott the economic conference in Washington in May, since the event will showcase the "major expectation in the international community" McGuinness likes to use to cow the British and the unionists into compromise. Sinn Fein is opening a permanent D.C. office and purging Noraid, the U.S. fund-raising group long suspected of financing the IRA. Lacking broad support in Northern Ireland itself, and with the Irish Republic now run by a coalition sympathetic to unionists, Sinn Fein is reaching out to the rest of the world to recruit a constituency.

Theoretically, the life force of sustained peace in Northern Ireland is a power-sharing government in

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which Britain retains dominion, unionists and nationalists are proportionally represented in a devolved Parliament and Dublin has a coordinate sub-sovereign role through an advisory body and cross-border institutions. The device was tried in 1974, but subverted by a crippling loyalist strike that led to direct British rule. Now, however, the loyalist working class is almost as underemployed as its republican counterpart and sees some gains from power-sharing. New loyalists, for example, have said that cross-border agencies are unacceptable if merely "driven by [Irish] nationalism as opposed to economics." Joint talks and, ultimately, a Northern Ireland referendum are likely to end in a power-sharing arrangement.

Unionists will regard any such setup as a permanent solution, while nationalists will consider it merely transitional. The driving unionist hope is that, as Northern Ireland continues to become a more secular and robust society, a renewed British union beveled by devolution will quell Catholic fears of discrimination once and for all, and accommodate Irish nationalism on the cultural level. For nationalists, the Republic of Ireland's shift from papist anachronism to efficient civil state will assuage Protestant anxiety about discrimination in a united Ireland as well as nationalist fears about the economic strain of Irish unity.

The two points of view can compete constructively in a government that gives due recognition to both, as long as each of the principals can claim a limited victory. Right now, unionists have their majority veto; Sinn Fein has "parity of esteem" as a political party; Britain has safeguarded the mainland without selling out its colonial ward; the Republic of Ireland has infiltrated Ulster politics without acquiring the burden of unity. But down the road any devolved government will be hard-pressed to preserve every player's perception that he has won.

Some controversies will stay well below the threshold of political violence. Currently, civil dialogue is easily containing disputes about the funding of Irish-language education and the remarkable decision of Queen's University of Belfast (now 62 percent Catholic) not to play "God Save the Queen" at official ceremonies. Debates over the oath of allegiance to the Crown and the reform of the RUC aren't likely to move republicans or loyalists to murder, either. Developments that jar the political equilibrium, though, will test peace more severely. When unionists appear to be gaining the upper hand—say, by winning over more Catholics to the sanctity of the union—nationalists may regress to the old tactics of violence. The republican mystique is still powerful, and could hold sway again. Despite the cease-fires, IRA man Sean Kelly, on trial for the 1993 Shankill bombing that killed nine Protestants, atavistically refused to recognize the Crown's jurisdiction, and stoically waited to be carted off to the Maze.

Should the political balance begin to tilt toward the nationalists—for instance, if Catholics actually do become a majority—unionists may resort to the insular passive defenses they deployed during the Troubles. The spirit of dour resistance, like the republican mystique, is far from dead. Throughout the cease-fire period, Ken Maginnis, the Ulster Unionist M.P. who refused to shake Adams's hand on "Larry King Live," has publicly forecast the IRA's return to violence.

When either the union with Britain or a united Ireland becomes a democratic inevitability, maintaining peace may depend on some previously dormant third force to cement popular opinion against both militant extremes. The Troubles' casualties and potential victims have always had strident voices, but the paramilitaries' morbid self-discipline—since 1977, the annual body count has not exceeded 113—kept any populist drive for peace from gaining critical momentum. Instead, the strongest force emerging is the ex-paramilitaries themselves.

Three of the new loyalist leaders—Gusty Spence, John White and Billy Hutchinson—were convicted of murdering Catholics and served long sentences in the Maze. A fourth, Gary McMichael, lost his father to an IRA assassin. These men announced the loyalist cease-fire after consulting loyalist prisoners, and expressed remorse for all killings committed by Protestant groups. They didn't squawk when Sinn Fein got to talk first to the British government. They have kept their hard-liners in check. And they have waxed conciliatory. Hutchinson recently braved ultra-republican West Belfast to speak at a community conference on police reform, conceding that RUC tactics were "not acceptable" and that the force "needed a change in procedure and proper accountability."

Likewise, ex-IRA men are softening. Hutchinson was invited to speak at a commemoration of the thirteen unarmed Catholics shot dead by British soldiers in 1972 on "Bloody Sunday"—an event traditionally for republicans only. He got a standing ovation. "There's an opportunity here to ensure that nobody else has to go through what the IRA has inflicted," former IRA gunman and Maze escapee Dermot Finucane said on television. The stream of new volunteers that filled the IRA's ranks is now still, and there is virtually no recidivism among republican ex-convicts. Though the singular intractability of the Troubles is an established republican conceit, one ex-IRA parolee admitted that "there's a better chance for peace here than there is in the Middle East."

Both Sinn Fein and the new loyalists link cooperation to amnesty or early release for paramilitary inmates, which is bound to be part of the overall deal. Soon a generation of heroes and villains will likely walk out of prison into a society for which one of the most enduring questions has been, "Who started it?" The cease-fires signify that those very people, who once staked their consciences, their freedom and their lives on answering that question, now consider it moot. Perhaps it's up to them to convince everyone else, and not the other way around.

JONATHAN STEVENSON is an American writer living in Belfast. He is writing a book on Northern Ireland.

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BELL CURVE LIBERALS

By Adrian Wooldridge

Opposition to the use of I.Q. testing goes back as far as testing itself. Its practitioners have been accused of, among other things, misusing science to justify capitalist exploitation; allowing their obsession with classification to blind them to the huge variety of human abilities; encouraging soulless teaching; and, worst of all, inflaming racial prejudices and justifying racial inequalities. To this school of thinking, *The Bell Curve* was a godsend. Charles Murray and Richard J. Herrnstein succeeded more effectively than even Stephen Jay Gould and Richard Lewontin in linking I.Q. testing firmly in people's minds with spectacularly unpopular arguments: that different racial groups have different I.Q. averages; that America is calcifying into rigid and impermeable castes; that the promise of American life is an illusion. The more society realizes the dream of equal opportunities, the more it breaks down into incommensurate groups, segregated not just by the accident of the environment, but by the unforgiving logic of genes.

But there is another, more enlightened tradition in the history of I.Q. testing, a tradition that was once the darling of liberals. It linked I.Q. testing with upward mobility, child-centered education, more generous treatment of the handicapped, humane welfare reform and, above all, the creation of a meritocracy. Indeed, it could be argued that it is this enlightened tradition that reflects the real essence of I.Q. testing, uncontaminated by local prejudices and unscientific conjectures. In ignoring this, in demonizing the purveyors of I.Q., liberals have betrayed their own political and moral tradition.

This liberal incarnation of I.Q. testing can be seen at its most articulate and influential in England, where its exponents held sway over educational policymaking from the 1930s until the early 1960s. These I.Q. testers found their political inspiration in the meritocratic ideal, a revolt against patronage and particularism and a plea for individual justice. During the course of their attempts to wrest control of the civil service from the landed aristocracy in the mid-nineteenth century, Whig reformers such as Lord Macaulay, a historian, and Charles Trevelyan, a mandarin, argued that positions should be allocated on the basis of examination results and that the exams should be designed to test "the candidate's powers of mind" rather than to "ascertain the extent of his metaphysical reading."

By the twentieth century, the left took up this mission. During its early years, the Labour Party saw its main role as constructing a ladder of merit, stretching from the slums to Oxbridge and regulated by objective examinations, so that the able could find their natural level. Sidney and Beatrice Webb wanted to turn Britain's educational system into a gigantic "capacity-catching machine," capable of "rescuing talented poverty from the shop or the plough" and channeling it into the national elite. H. G. Wells argued that "the prime essential in a progressive civilization was the establishment of a more effective selective process for the privilege of higher education." R. H. Tawney, the doyen of socialist educationalists, welcomed I.Q. tests for pointing to the huge number of talented working-class children who were overlooked in the existing system.

The psychometrists argued that I.Q. tests were powerful instruments of meritocratic reform. I.Q. tests were particularly useful in spotting promising working-class children held back in school by poverty in the home, and in providing them with a secure ladder up the social system. Far from being defenders of the status quo, the psychometrists believed in the inevitability of social mobility. The random element in Mendelian inheritance combined with regression to the mean ensured that children would differ in significant ways from their parents. The psychologist Cyril Burt calculated that, in order to ensure that people were doing the sort of jobs for which their abilities marked them out, almost one-quarter of their children would have to end up in different social classes from their parents. The really conservative theory of abilities is not hereditarianism, after all, but environmentalism: if parents can transmit all their advantages to their children, educational as well as material, then social mobility will always be something of a freak.

ADRIAN WOOLDRIDGE is a journalist with *The Economist* and the author of *Measuring the Mind: Education and Psychology in England 1850-1990* (Cambridge University Press).

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Perhaps the biggest practical experiment involving I.Q. tests occurred in Britain in the wake of the Second World War, and the result was a huge increase in social mobility. The Second World War generated a widespread feeling that, if Britain was to justify the sacrifices of its people and also survive as an economic power, it must turn itself into a real meritocracy. The 1944 Education Act tried to satisfy this feeling, decreeing that children should be educated according to their "age, ability and aptitude." People across the political spectrum agreed that this did not mean sending all children to the same school, but rather, assigning them to schools suited to their particular talents.

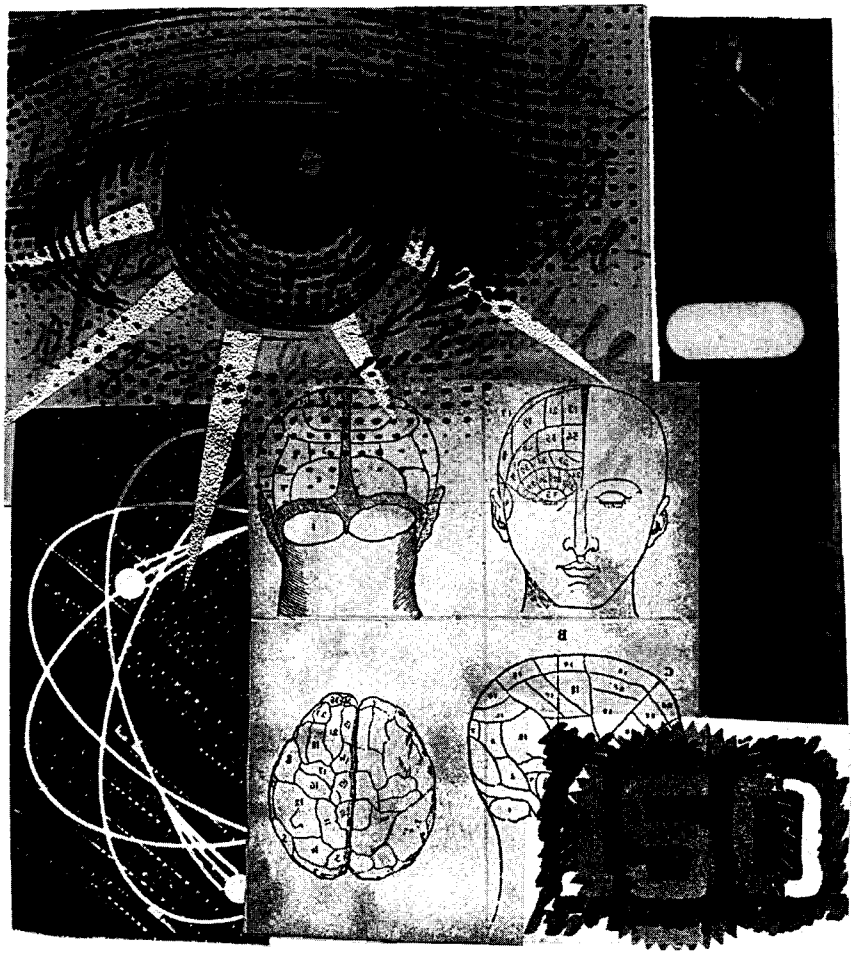

ILLUSTRATION BY TOM PRESTON FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Confronted with popular and ministerial pressure to recruit children on the basis of raw ability, Britain's elite grammar schools increasingly turned to psychologists to refine their traditional examinations. By 1952 almost all local education authorities had incorporated an intelligence test into their selection exams. Even leftist critics of the tests were forced on close examination to admit that they were doing a good job. The psychologists Alfred Yates and Douglas Pidgeon, for example, argued that "the 'examination' in its best forms comes out as a highly reliable and remarkably valid instrument of prediction, considering what it is expected to do." By relying on I.Q. tests, the grammar schools gradually transformed themselves into thoroughly meritocratic institutions, recruiting their pupils from an ever-wider section of society (outraged contemporaries complained that the schools were being flooded with "spivs" and "smart alecks") and providing the chosen ones with a highly efficient escalator into the universities and the national elite.

Moreover, the I.Q. testers were determined to change the nature of Britain's elite, not just to rationalize recruitment into it. They had no truck with the well-connected, muddle-headed, scientifically illiterate old fogies who dominated the establishment, and wanted to replace them with carefully selected and properly trained meritocrats. Passionate supporters of the moderns against the ancients, they argued that, if it was to have any chance of surviving as a serious country, Britain needed to put much more emphasis on teaching science. One of their greatest disappointments was that Conservative R. A. Butler succeeded in protecting the traditional grammar school curriculum, with its obsession with literary and classical education, from reform in the Education Act of 1944.

Unlike Murray and Herrnstein, the I.Q. liberals were enthusiastic about spending money on the welfare state in general, and public education in particular. They argued for raising the school-leaving age, improving teacher training, increasing the number of nursery schools, gearing instruction to the individual needs of "backward" as well as precocious learners and providing regular medical inspection for school children.

I.Q. testers also tended to be passionate devotees of child-centered education. Though they are often associated with classification and selection, the tests in fact embodied a much broader theory of aptitude development. Their earliest supporters were relentless critics of traditional pedagogy, complaining that it was designed for the convenience of adults rather than the needs of children, and arguing that teaching should be based on the unfolding abilities of children, as revealed by I.Q. tests. Alfred Binet invented I.Q. tests to identify slow-learning children who were having a miserable time trying to keep up with more able contemporaries. One of the first to popularize I.Q. tests in the United States was Granville Stanley Hall, the pioneer of the child-study movement and an enthusiastic advocate of child-centered education. Jean Piaget used I.Q. tests to explore children's idiosyncratic views of the world. Progressive teachers turned to them in their battle against giant classes and stuffy teaching methods.

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Until the 1950s these psychologists found their most passionate supporters on the left and their bitterest opponents on the right. Labour intellectuals such as R. H. Tawney pointed to intelligence tests to prove that Britain was being disgracefully profligate with the talents of its population. T. S. Eliot argued that an educational system that sorts people according to their native capacities would disorganize society and debase education, breaking the bonds of class and tradition and creating a society of mobile, atomized individuals. Edward Welbourne, a particularly crusty Cambridge don, was even more direct: confronted with the news that a student was interested in I.Q. tests, he snorted, "Huh. Devices invented by Jews for the advancement of Jews."

Why were Britain's intelligence testers so much more palatable than their American colleagues? Partly because they were outsiders, marginal to Britain's snobbish social and scientific establishment. British psychologists turned to I.Q. tests precisely because they thought that the establishment's traditional methods of spotting talent—examination essays, Latin translations, viva voce examinations—were hopelessly biased in favor of the well-taught rather than the promising poor. In America, psychologists were loaded with scientific honors and academic resources. In Britain, they were starved of resources and shunted aside.

Britain also boasted a group of first-rate biologists, such as Lancelot Hogben, J. D. Bernal and J. B. S. Haldane, whose sympathies lay distinctly on the left. They wielded huge influence with both the scientific establishment and the popular media—Haldane, for example, was both a fellow of the Royal Society and a hyperactive newspaper columnist—and they ensured that anybody who wanted to pronounce on controversial questions such as the relationship between race and intelligence had to pass the highest possible test of intellectual rigor and scientific probity. Significantly, the most bigoted British intelligence testers fled to the United States: William McDougall, a psychologist with something of a fetish for blond, blue-eyed types, left Oxford for Harvard, and Raymond Cattell, who argued, in print, that the race was being swamped by "sub-men," later followed him to the States. (Cattell lives in the United States still; a list of supporters of *The Bell Curve* in *The Wall Street Journal* included his name.)

Yet, for all their progressive sentiments, the intelligence testers fell afoul of two of the most powerful constituencies of the postwar left: the communitarians and the egalitarians. Communitarians such as Michael Young, the author of the 1945 Labour manifesto and now ennobled as Lord Young of Dartington, argued that the 11-plus, an I.Q. test taken by all of Britain's 11-year-olds, was breaking down working-class communities and churning out alienated, confused, anxiety-ridden scholarship winners. Indeed, his 1959 indictment of intelligence testing, *The Rise of Meritocracy*, foreshadows many of the central concerns of *The Bell Curve*, arguing that, as society becomes more efficient at allocating positions according to ability, the elite lose any sense of social responsibility (after all, they have nobody to thank for their success but themselves), and the poor lose any sense of self-respect.

Egalitarians argued that individual differences are the result of social circumstances rather than genetic inheritance, and that comprehensive schools would produce a much more equal society. After a long struggle between meritocrats and egalitarians for the soul of the party, Labour finally came down on the side of egalitarianism in the mid-1960s, with Labour Minister Tony Crosland declaring that he would not rest until he had destroyed "every fucking grammar school in England. And Wales. And Northern Ireland."

Yet the Labour Party's rejection of meritocracy has hardly been a success. Communitarianism embodies a nostalgic quest for a lost world, before social mobility turned neighbors into strangers and village greens into asphalt jungles. It also smacks rather too much of the traditional Tory complaint about people not knowing their place. Egalitarian reforms have also proved strikingly counterproductive. The comprehensive schools, introduced by the Labour government in the 1960s, have replaced selection by ability with selection by neighborhood, hardly a triumph for social justice. When Conservatives tried to reintroduce selection by ability in Solihull in the mid-1980s they were met with howls of protest from middle-class parents, who argued that they had paid inflated prices for their houses so that they could get their children into good schools, and didn't want their children's school places commandeered by riffraff.

Policymakers on both sides of the Atlantic would do well to look again at the more enlightened tradition of intelligence testing. The more insightful on the left, led by U.S. Labor Secretary Robert Reich, but including the British Labour Party's new leader, Tony Blair, have realized they need to rethink ideas about the state. In a world of gigantic capital flows and globe-spanning production networks, the left has no choice but to abandon its traditional belief in picking industrial sectors or industries to support. Instead of investing in winning companies, the state should make sure it invests in winning people: ensuring that the educational system spots outstandingly promising children and allows them to make the most of their talents.

Given this agenda, the left can hardly afford to ignore I.Q. tests, which, for all their inadequacies, are still the best means yet devised for spotting talent wherever it occurs, in the inner cities as well as the plush housing estates, and ensuring that that talent is matched to the appropriate educational streams and job opportunities. The left, indeed, should be up in arms about *The Bell Curve*. But they should be up in arms because Murray and Herrnstein have kidnapped what ought to be one of the left's most powerful tools for opening opportunities, and have tried to turn it into an excuse for closing doors. •

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A Message from Negative Population Growth, Inc.

Why We Must Reduce Immigration From Over One Million to 100,000 a Year

It Makes No Sense for Our Nation to Permit Massive Immigration

We now allow over one million immigrants to settle here every year. If our fertility rate remains at 2.0, continuing immigration at that level would swell our population to nearly 500 million before the end of the next century. **That would almost double our present size!**

Such growth would be intolerable. It would destroy our environment, our standard of living and the quality of our lives.

With a present population of 262 million, our country is already vastly overpopulated in terms of the long range carrying capacity of its resources and environment. Yet we continue to grow rapidly, by 25 to 30 million each decade.

We Need to Halt and Then Reverse Our Population Growth

We at NPG believe that our goal should be to stabilize our U.S. population at no more than 150 million, its size back in 1950. We consider that to be the optimum size for our country.

We Americans do not have to agree now on the exact size of a smaller population, however, since any substantial reduction in numbers would take many decades to achieve. It is only essential that we agree on the urgent need to halt and reverse our population growth.

Immigration Must Be Drastically Reduced

Because we have allowed our nation to become seriously overpopulated we are in deep trouble. A quick and easy solution simply does not exist. To start on the path toward a smaller, more sustainable population, we must halt illegal immigration and sharply reduce legal immigration.

Accordingly, NPG strongly recommends that legal immigration be cut back from its present 900,000 per year to no more than 100,000, including all relatives, refugees and asylees. We further call for an all-out effort to reduce illegal immigration, currently estimated at 300,000 a year, to as near zero as possible.

Best Case Scenario: Low Fertility, Low Immigration

What would happen to our population if our fertility rate were gradually reduced from the present 2.0 to 1.5 by 2050, if illegal immigration were virtually halted, and if legal immigration were reduced in 1996 from the present 900,000 a year to 100,000 a year, as we advocate?

The bad news is that our population would still continue growing for another 25 years, peaking at 300 million in 2020. **The good news** is that by the end of the next century it would have declined to around 180 million. In a few more years it would reach 150 million and could be stabilized at that level, even allowing a slight increase in fertility and/or immigration.

This is the path to a smaller population that NPG advocates.

Another Scenario: Low Fertility, High Immigration

If our fertility were reduced as in the "best case" scenario, but immigration remained at its present high level, the picture would be far worse.

1. Our population would continue growing for another 55 years, peaking in 2050 at 337 million, **75 million more than we are now.** Our impact on the environment would accordingly be that much greater.

2. Even by the end of the next century, our population would still be 298 million, 36 million greater than it is today, **and 121 million larger than it would be under the "best case" low immigration scenario.**

This is a path that our nation cannot afford to follow. **Clearly, the level of immigration will have a tremendous influence on the eventual size of our population.**

We Cannot Rely on Fertility Decline Alone to Reverse Our Population Growth

Fertility rates are difficult to change and when they do change, they almost always do so very slowly. Furthermore, future fertility rates are unpredictable: they might well increase rather than decrease. Over the last 18 years, for example, the trend has been upward, from a low of 1.7 in 1976 to 2.0 in the last few years.

That is all the more reason why we must reduce immigration to a level consistent with our long-term national interest. Reducing immigration is a much faster and more certain way to get results than relying on fertility decline.

If we can persuade our government to act **NOW** to halt illegal immigration — and to cut legal immigration from 900,000 to 100,000 a year — **we will at last be doing something** to brake runaway population growth in our country.

If you believe with us that immigration must be drastically curbed — and without further delay — then we ask you to work for this goal as a member of Negative Population Growth. We need your help.

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Sunny Sides Up

Yet another example—from film—of a chief reason that Broadway is in trouble. If David Frankel had been born in 1919 instead of 1959, he probably would have written for the theater. He spins highly amusing dialogue, with sharp cracks about contemporary life, with just enough seriousness to give the cracks a base and with just enough tartness to keep the audience from perceiving that it is being coddled. (In other words, much like George S. Kaufman.)

But cultural energy, the relevant part of it anyway, has shifted away from Broadway, and, instead of trying to jimmy his way into an increasingly constricted commercial theater, Frankel wrote a screenplay—**Miami Rhapsody** (Hollywood). He had been writing and directing T.V.; now he has moved into feature films with a clever, glitzy piece crafted for a medium that is ravenous for such pieces. And he has directed it with assurance: certainly he is where he belongs.

His focus is a well-to-do Miami Jewish family, along with a few others who get entangled with some of them—a black fashion model, a male Cuban nurse. The family consists of a middle-aged lawyer and his wife, their two daughters and one son. All of them, including dad and mom, are engaged in today's great haut bourgeois guessing game: What is love? At any rate, what happened to the verities that used to be part of it? What happened to commitment? Why has marital fidelity become a slightly quaint subject?

Not exactly new questions, but one of Frankel's achievements is in keeping them fresh, through badinage rather than confrontation. A woman whose views on marriage are a bit bizarre is called "the Ross Perot of matrimony." A young man suddenly proposes to his live-in girlfriend, who is surprised. He explains that he's nervous, and, "I always get sincere when I'm nervous."

Also, Frankel aerates his film briskly with its overall structure. Each of the principals has an adventure connected with the theme, and Frankel deploys flashback and narration to speed up necessary background stuff and to vary pace. Only after it's all over do we realize that Frankel has used the basic stratagems of soap opera—a generous serving of story strands, each with its angst, but none of which really builds to a full climax. Each troubled situation is simply disassembled when it's no longer needed. That's entertainment. If all complications get smoothed out in the course of things, so what? It's the course of things that counts, not the complications.

The film opens with a close-up of Sarah Jessica Parker, seeking counsel from her doctor, a woman who is never seen. It ends the same way, with Parker's questions (more or less the ones mentioned earlier) still unanswered. Thus the whole picture is encapsulated in those questions, which are put both wittily and poignantly. And with Parker's role Frankel has solved the problem that plagues so many smart-talk plays and films. Often, in Neil Simon for instance, I wonder who writes the funny dialogue for these ordinary people; in life they would be a mite less hilarious. Frankel makes Parker an advertising writer who is moving into T.V. sitcom. She speaks most of the fast-funny stuff, so it fits.

Parker hasn't been particularly appealing up to now, but here she handles her part—comedy, sex and all—like a classy surfer, easily riding the crests and dips. Her mother is played by Mia Farrow who fills the part with almost childlike earnestness even when she is having an affair (her first). Paul Mazursky is adequate as the head of the family who has done somewhat more straying. All the others in the cast are at least pleasant, but the standout among them is the male nurse at the old people's residence where Parker's grandmother lives. He is Antonio Banderas. Once again Banderas is a knockout, perfectly competent, highly attractive and sweetly winning.

Frankel's writing has inevitably been compared to Woody Allen's. For me, he comes off better than the latter-day Allen. Maybe it's just because Frankel hasn't been at it as long as Allen, but his comic invention seems much more spontaneous, less "professional."

In another way, however, Frankel seems to have learned a lot from Allen—in directing. Allen, through the years, has become a proficient director, particularly skillful with the movement of people in close quarters. In *Miami Rhapsody* there's a sequence near the end that might have been directed by Allen. Banderas has dallied with both Farrow and Parker and is now saying goodbye to both. Farrow is in the foreground of the shot; Parker and Banderas are in the next room, seen down a sort of hallway.

FILMS WORTH SEEING

The Madness of King George. *Nigel Hawthorne is virtuosic as the mad/sane king in Alan Bennett's brightly written screenplay (from his theater work), swirlingly directed by Nicholas Hytner. (Reviewed 1/30/95)* **Strawberry and Chocolate.** *A gay young man and a straight young man become argumentative, appreciative friends in Castro's Havana. Thoughtful, subtle, courageous. (2/6/95)* **Tsahal.** *From Claude Lanzmann, who made* ***Shoah****. A five-hour documentary about the Israeli Defense Forces and the Israelis' relation to them. Could have been condensed, but much of it is pungent, wry, moving. (2/13/95)* **Vanya on 42nd Street.** *A gem. A "run-through" rehearsal of "Uncle Vanya" in an abandoned Times Square theater. Parnassian acting and directing. (11/7/94)*—**SK**

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The two in the background part. Parker disappears, and Banderas comes forward to speak to Farrow, who is waiting. Quite possibly Frankel is showing something here that he has learned from Allen—how to make the composition of a scene speak to its subject.

Window to Paris (Sony Pictures Classics) is an anomaly, a light romantic fantasy from Russia. It aims at charm and tickle, and it hits the mark just often enough. It moves swiftly, and it's profuse with droll vignettes. Its comic view owes something to the "silhouette" style of Jacques Tati, and its underlying theme has some relation to Lubitsch's *Ninotchka.*

The hero is a lanky teacher of music and literature at a school in St. Petersburg (formerly Leningrad). He's the sort of man who, as he hurries past a piano, sweeps his hand along the keyboard, stops, goes back, tries one note again, then pulls a tuning tool from his pocket and adjusts that note before he hurries on.

He is played by Serguei Dontsov, who looks like a younger, wackier Max von Sydow. Dontsov and friends find a window in a Petersburg apartment that lets out directly into the middle of Paris. This is the fantasy; it is also the solution of the *Ninotchka* problem—the distance between Russia and Paris. This magical window, which of course is never explained, is somehow connected to perestroika. The Paris adventures of various Russians, including a romance for Dontsov, affect both the newly democratized ones and hard-line party members.

Window to Paris was written and directed by Yuri Mamin, born in 1946, who has worked in the theater and has been in films since 1976. Mamin leans too much on stock Russian heartiness, conviviality in undershirts around the dinner table, but he's dexterous with the sudden changes in place. More, he fills most of the film with high-bouncing spirit. He gets particular verve out of the dozen or so youngsters, around the age of 10, who are devoted to their teacher Dontsov and who dance along after him as he plays his pipe, much as the children of Hamelin followed their piper. Except that here it's to a cheerier place. •

Robert Brustein on Theater

The Royal Court in Spunky Middle Age

The Royal Court Theatre in Sloane Square is now entering its fifth decade as London's most friendly home for provocative new plays. Popularly known as the "Court" but actually named the English Stage Company, this theater was founded by the legendary George Devine as a breeding ground for Osborne, Wesker, Bond, Jellicoe and other "angries" of the '50s and '60s. Forty years later it is still pulsing with impudent energy, still faithful to its mandate to flush out and facilitate young British talent. The Court continues to perform this function so well, in fact, that it is providing virtually the only things in London worth seeing at present.

The Court experienced a leadership change two years ago when Max Stafford-Clark ceded his position as artistic director to the 34-year-old Stephen Daldry. (Daldry's productions of *An Inspector Calls, Machinal* and *The Kitchen* have now made him an international figure.) At the same time that Daldry was moving to stamp his imprint on the traditions of this historical playhouse, Stafford-Clark was forming a theater of his own called Out of Joint. The two organizations now have joined forces to sponsor two plays in repertory at the Court, George Etherege's Restoration comedy **The Man of Mode** and Stephen Jeffreys's contemporary work **The Libertine.**

The plays are linked by more than their common stage. *The Libertine* is based on the later life of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, a notorious rake and pornographic poet, and the model for the character of Dorimant in *The Man of Mode.* The smell of the lamp hangs as heavy over this play as the stench of tobacco and the reek of alcohol. Indeed, *The Libertine* opens with Rochester, Etherege and Charles Sackville drunkenly dishing their rival John Dryden's heroic verse. These literary resonances make the two plays virtually co-extensive, and so does the fact that they share a common pool of actors. For the moment, the Court is housing one of the few resident repertory companies still performing in England (like many theaters that use the word "company," the English Stage Company more commonly employs a pickup cast for each production). To watch these actors move so

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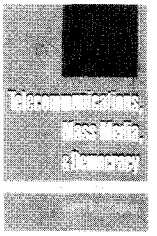

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effortlessly from one role to another is again to be reminded of the almost forgotten pleasures of histrionic transformation.

Stafford-Clark told me he commissioned *The Libertine* from Jeffreys after waiting seven years for Heathcote Williams to write an appropriate script. He chose his successor dramatist wisely. Jeffreys's theatrical affinity with Rochester, coupled with a good historian's feel for Restoration manners and morals, has helped him fashion a more trenchant portrait of the period than did many of its playwrights, including Etherege.

The Libertine certainly features a more fully dimensioned portrait of a Restoration rake than one finds in the hollow cynicism of *The Man of Mode*. In the acerbic performance of David Westhead, Jeffreys's Rochester detests the world and no one in it more than himself. "You will not like me," he advises the audience, less as a warning than as a demand. This Rochester seeks not affection but attention ("I must not be ignored or you will find me as troublesome a package as ever pissed into the Thames"). The playwright invites us to regard Rochester's headlong descent into dissipation and debauchery not as a moral blank so much as the painful acting out of his own sense of absurdity. Trembling with despair, he betrays friends, wife and sovereign with the elegiac scorn of a self-hating sinner.

Rochester's cruel pranks get him banished from court at least twice (once for demolishing the King's cherished sundial), while his powerful literary gifts are consecrated to writing eulogies to whoring and drinking. When commanded by King Charles to compose an epic better suited to his talents, he contributes an obscene masque worthy of the Marquis de Sade called *Sodom* "where the men deal only in buggery" and a chorus of women endowed with such pastoral names as Fuckadilla and Clytoris perform a dance brandishing dildos ("A monument to your reign," he tells the unappreciative king).

Like so many Restoration libertines drained by promiscuous lives, Rochester finally seeks solace in a romantic relationship—with the actress Mrs. Elizabeth Barry, who developed into one of the most truthful performers of her time, partly through Rochester's coaching. She nevertheless proved as stony-hearted toward him as she later did toward her even more besotted suitor Thomas Otway. Jeffreys perfectly captures, and absolves, the character of an ambitious creature for whom love is just a step on a career ladder that leads up from the pits of poverty and dependence.

In *The Libertine*, Rochester's anomie is partly attributed to his disenchantment with the leader on whom many hopes were riding, a sovereign who (in Rochester's famous characterization) "never said a foolish thing nor ever did a wise one." "We wanted a Sun King," he says, denouncing Charles for failing to become a God like Louis XIV. Whatever the reason, Rochester is drinking himself to death and when, in the final scene of the play, his wife grabs one of his wine bottles and empties it onto the floor, Rochester pours out the remaining bottle, sobbing and spewing out his guts as well. Before dying (at 33), he embraces Christ, an act that only adds to his self-loathing. "Do you like me now?" he asks the audience in a fever of self-contempt, "Do you like me now?"

Westhead's dark viscous voice, which seems to issue through Bose speakers, has the capacity to cut the air like a serrated knife. Combined with an edge of danger, and reinforced by Stafford-Clark's authoritative direction, he turns the character into a pedigreed hound who bites himself when he is not biting others. Westhead is just one of the assets of a superb cast, two more exemplars being Katrina Levon as a passionate Mrs. Barry and Tim Potter as a playful, if punitive, King Charles. When these three actors switch to Dorimant, Mrs. Loveit and Sir Fopling Flutter in *The Man of Mode*, they perform their parts, respectively, with elegant grace, jealous rage and fatuous excess. But it is in the disintegrating mirror of *The Libertine* that the world of Etherege's comedy is best reflected. This was an age when idle courtiers had no greater purpose than to drink, shag and display their wit, when sex was the expression not of love or pleasure but of power, when the lower classes were considered to have no other function than to service the appetites of a jaundiced aristocracy—an age, to borrow James Joyce's description of a previous era, of "exhausted whoredom groping for its god." That exhaustion is on display in *The Man of Mode*, on trial in *The Libertine*.

It is, however, in the smaller Theatre Upstairs, with a play called **Blasted** by a 23-year-old writer named Sarah Kane, that the Royal Court is currently drawing the attention of London—almost all of it vituperative. Not since the 1965 premiere of Edward Bond's *Saved*, which also premiered at the Court before being closed by the police, have the wattles of English critics shaken so angrily. Once again people are calling for the cancellation of grants and the heads of artistic directors. *Saved* culminated in the stoning of a baby. That action now seems pretty mild compared to what happens in *Blasted*, which culminates in the eating of a baby. If the capacity to give offense is your measure of achievement, credit young Sarah Kane with provoking a level of outrage matched in our own country only by Robert Mapplethorpe and Andres Serrano.

Naturally all of London is flocking to see this new *succes de scandale*. Unfortunately, because of the extrinsic fuss, the intrinsic merits of *Blasted* will probably not be properly assessed for years. I found it at times crudely written, at times abruptly sensational, but also full of a strange integrity that had to be respected. This integrity was further reflected in the powerful commitment of the performances under the direction of James Macdonald. Actors won't normally do what is being asked of them in *Blasted* unless they truly believe in the script. Imagine the psychic wounds these three people have to lug home every night!

Blasted begins harmlessly enough with two people entering a motel room in Leeds: Ian, a macho Welshman with a shoulder holster, and Cate, a young thumbsucking, stammering vegetarian with whom he once had a relationship. Ian is full of rage against what he calls "wogs," "Paks" and "lesbos," but most of all against his own life, which he is busy ending with the aid of gin and tobacco. Before he dies of emphysema, however, he would like to make love once more to the reluctant Cate, and when she refuses his demand for fellatio, he takes her brutally. In revenge, she rips up his leather coat and threatens to shoot him, an act that he encourages ("Have a pop").

Ian may be a journalist for a scandal sheet. At one point, he sends copy over the phone about a local serial killer. At other times, he seems to be an underworld goon. Whatever the case, he is terrified of noises, of bugged phones, even of knocks at the door. While Cate is busy taking a bath, one of these knocks admits a soldier with an Uzi, and what was once a harmless motel room transforms into a bomb site with a huge hole in one of its walls. Without explanation, we are somewhere else, possibly Bosnia. The soldier proceeds to terrorize Ian, first urinating on his bed, then assaulting his ears with accounts of shocking atrocities he committed against innocent civilians, including children. "This isn't a story anyone wants to hear," says Ian, "it has to be personal"—personal, that is, like the squalid material he shovels into *The Daily Mirror*.

The soldier retaliates for the rape and murder of his girlfriend by buggering Ian and then (are you ready for this?) eating his eyes. After a blackout, we see Ian's face streaming blood and the terrorist dead on the floor. Cate returns carrying an infant that a woman gave her—"She's baby ... innocent." When, before long, the baby dies, she buries

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it under the floorboards of the motel room, then leaves to find a soldier who might exchange food for sex. In her absence the starving Ian digs up the baby and, retching, slakes his hunger. He then clambers into the baby's grave as rain falls from the ceiling on his exposed head. Cate returns, blood pooring down her legs, with a sausage that she proceeds to gobble, washed down with Ian's booze.

Like Franz Xavier Kroetz's equally relentless *Request Concert*, almost all of this is mimed. What language there is consists of grunts and simple monosyllables. But underneath the repulsive stage action there is a stab at a theme—that a direct line exists between the brutal carnality of carnivorous males and the conduct of modern war. Many will reject this idea, and Sarah Kane does not make it transcendent enough to justify the incredible storm of horrors she rains on the audience. But you don't have to agree with her theme to feel its power, or to recognize that the play is an honorable effort and not simply a dirty deed done publicly. Whatever the case, *Blasted* is beautifully acted by Kate Ashfield (Cate), Pip Donaghy (Ian) and Dermot Kerrigan (the soldier). And whatever its limitations, *Blasted* is fulfilling the mission of this adventurous theater to discover and to encourage new young playwrights. The spirit of George Devine still haunts these halls. •

Finding God at Tower Records.

The Virtual Sacred

By Katherine Bergeron

Not long ago two picture windows of an upscale record shop in Berkeley featured a display of recent releases of medieval chant. On one side, neat rows of identical jewel cases formed patterns from the single, surrealistic image repeated on each cover. You know the one: pious, cowled monks, floating in some hyperspace cloister against a perfect, Magritte-blue sky. The image serves as the attractive wrapping for the compact disc that Angel Records is calling simply *Chant*, a package compiled from a modest collection of recordings made some two decades ago by the Benedictine monks of Santo Domingo de Silos. Upon its release in December 1993, the new-old recording had experienced, with the help of Angel's advertising budget, a sudden and unprecedented success that sent this ancient repertory on a journey into the unlikely terrain of popular music, where it landed on the charts.

The other window displayed an equal and opposite number of compact discs adorned with a less familiar image, though one likely to be recognized by the shop's patrons, the university-educated devotees of what is most often called "early music." This C.D. was also a compilation, produced by the French company Harmonia Mundi, with selections from more than a dozen previously released recordings of chant and vocal polyphony by the innovative Ensemble Organum. On the cover's lower right-hand corner, a solemn and rather unflattering photo of Marcel Pérès, the group's director, humbly authenticated the recording, while a Day-Glo orange sticker fixed just above his head marked its value, announcing the release as both novel ("NEW! INTRODUCTION TO CHANT!") and economical ($4.99). Together the two recordings displayed, like the double masks of the Greek theater, two apparently opposed faces of chant—popular and elite, generic and esoteric, cliché and recherché—each vying for attention in the same, improbable space. I bought them both.

The relation between these two images of chant reveals something about the current "chant" craze; and the whole phenomenon of chant as music in the modern imagination; and the various guises in which it appears; and the contexts in which it has acquired value and meaning. It is useful to begin with the performances at hand, the pair of discs from the record store window. Just a few seconds of listening to each makes clear that these two recordings present aural images that are as unique as their packaging. The performances offer an opportunity to evaluate the meanings associated with chant in distinct times and places, and to compare how the different circumstances serve to define the music for contemporary audiences.

Defining chant turns out, in fact, to be more than a little difficult. As a form of sacred music, it is impossible to separate the music from the ritual practice it inhabits, which in turn makes it problematic to speak about chant as "music" in any conventional sense. What is called "Gregorian chant" generally refers to the ritual tradition of the Roman Catholic Church, a tradition issuing from around the time of Charlemagne (though with mythological origins attributed to the sixth-century Pope Gregory, said to have received the sacred songs by divine inspiration). This chant is based on a yearly cycle of sacred texts, drawn from the Book of Psalms and the various scriptural narratives of the life of Jesus, which are given "voice" each day by means of formulaic tones or elaborate melodies during the principle monastic rituals of Mass and Office. Chant refers to these daily acts of monastic singing as well as to the entire complex body of melodies—the songs that together make up the seasons of the liturgical year.

Chant also denotes a written tradition, in fact, the earliest traces of music writing in the West, and thus it merits pride of place in music history as the oldest surviving genre of European music. The earliest manuscripts that contain what appear to be "musical" notation are barely legible, offering little more than a basic system of diacritical marks that represent upward or downward vocal inflections. Not until much later in the middle ages (after the twelfth century) do we find manuscripts with a notational system close enough to the modern staff that the actual pitch content of the represented melodies can be determined easily. It is from the totality of these written sources that the corpus of song that makes up "chant" has been deciphered. Given the ambiguity of this written tradition it is no wonder that in more recent times a number of different theories of chant performance have emerged. A consideration of chant in our own day will inevitably have to take account of these diverse ideologies of performance.

The Pérès recording offers, obviously, a late-twentieth-century take on the tradition. In terms of sound alone, it does not surprise. The voices of the Ensemble Organum possess that small, clean quality we have come to expect from "early music." The singing has the sound of research in it—a tone, careful as scholarship, whose seriousness seems somehow to match that of the unsmiling man who appears on the C.D.'s cover. Indeed, the sound of the recording could not stand in starker

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contrast to the warm, over-lush ambience issuing from the Spanish Benedictines, who are made to appear, through the magic of digital enhancement, almost larger than life.

But the differences go well beyond tone color. It becomes evident by sampling the pieces on the Pérès anthology that the work of the Ensemble Organum is *about* research, offering us not one, but many chants, each one historically specific, presenting a new and startlingly different aspect. Since the early 1980s, Pérès has made his reputation as an innovator in the performance of chant, having established his Ensemble at the Fondation Royaumont outside Paris as an official "workshop" for studying medieval music. (It has the requisite acronym: ARIMM, for the Atelier de Recherche et d'Interprétation des Musiques Médiévales, a kind of medieval IRCAM.)

As products of such study, the recordings of the Ensemble have consistently featured approaches that are, to use their terms, both "thoroughly historical" and "thoroughly experimental"—approaches, in other words, that consciously depart from the canons of expression already established for a given repertory. In this way, their workshop can be seen to carry on what is essentially a twentieth-century tradition of early music performance, a tradition that (as Richard Taruskin and others have demonstrated) seeks to present an image of "history" by an act of strange-making, a defamiliarizing of musical practice: the old is best heard by recourse to a sound that is new.

What is new or experimental in Pérès's chant performances can be found in his self-conscious application of Eastern, notably Byzantine, chant traditions to older repertories of so-called Western chant, or what has been called the Old Roman, and the Ambrosian. The historical argument for such experiments is easy enough to construct. One need only point, as these performers do, to the "confluence of cultural currents" in commercial centers such as eighth-century Rome or Milan, a condition that suggests the considerable presence of Greek music practices in the singing of the liturgy. But the proof really lies in performance. Peres's innovation comes across in the number of ways he has attempted to integrate such elements in different recordings: not only by practicing modes of ornamentation, phrasing and tuning derived from Byzantine chant, but—most importantly—by including within his ensemble an "authentic" voice from that tradition. The last selection on the sampler, a long antiphonal chant from the Roman Office for Good Friday, is arresting in its "newness," presenting us with the sound of a Greek Orthodox priest, Lycourgos Angelopulos, as honorary leader of the ensemble.

It is the sheer difference of the cantor's voice in the context of "early music" singing that creates the striking effect. In this particular chant, the difference is illustrated by the alternation that defines the antiphonal texture: first the "real" singer, declaiming a phrase in Greek, and then the shadowy representation of it by an earnest, but still very English, Malcolm Bothwell responding in Latin. We can hear the "studied" dimension of Bothwell's imitations, the meticulously copied phrasing and ornamentation. I feel almost as if I am eavesdropping on a lesson between an old master and his new pupil.

Yet there is one dimension of the singing, perhaps the most affecting of all, that neither Bothwell nor other members of the ensemble seem able (or willing) to imitate. I refer to that dark, full-bodied, but slightly covered, vocal timbre that identifies Angelopulos as a distinctly non-European singer. This difference has compelling consequences. The Greek cantor is destined, throughout the nineteen-minute chant, to remain essentially outside the space of the ensemble. And as an outsider his function becomes that of a custodian, a tour guide for our listening. His singing, in its authentic "otherness," sets a standard of difference by which we can begin to interpret just what the European singers are trying to do.

Indeed, we might view the authentic oral tradition that Pérès introduces into this performance as something of a homeopathic cure for the ailing chant: thus inoculated, the singers take on the strains of the other style as a means of boosting their interpretive strength. It helps them to maintain their musicological decorum, so that what they sing will be perceived as "medieval" and not "Byzantine," as "early music" and not "world music," and hence will deliver the desired effect. For it is precisely that odd space between the two styles, a never-never land between here and there, that ultimately creates the effect. It stimulates the imagination of the listener, suggesting the very image of a remote and unattainable music that recalls an equally remote past. The scholar David Hiley, in reviewing this recording of Roman chant after its release in 1987, experiences the sound in this way, praising the performance—especially the experimental ison, or sustained drone, that is employed throughout—in terms that make its effect abundantly clear: "It is one of the most fascinating recordings to come my way for some time.... [The singing] creates an atmosphere of awe and mystery."

It is hard to imagine Hiley, or any other critic, mustering the same enthusiasm for the Benedictine monks of Santo Domingo de Silos. The monks, of course, do not perform "early" music. They chant. Indeed, the quality of singing on the Angel C.D. so completely conforms to the sound that we generally associate with chant that one might suitably refer to it as a kind of default mode of performance. A colleague of mine once called the style "dirty chant," referring, I think, to the audible lack of choral precision

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that ultimately has the quality of a virtue in the style, identifying the singers as nonprofessionals. All infelicities of performance—near misses in intonation, occasionally laggard phrasing—tend, of course, to be covered up by the hyper-resonant space in which the recordings are usually produced, a space whose abundant acoustic often serves to obscure a good number of the words, too. It was surely from this mainstream and somewhat utilitarian performance practice that Peres thought it necessary to depart in order to restore, as the liner notes to one of his recordings suggests, the "original color" of the specialized repertories he was studying, to recapture their sense of mystery.

And yet this apparently humdrum, mainstream Gregorian chant sung by the monks of Santo Domingo de Silos seems to have stimulated a sense of fascination among the general public at least as great as (if not greater than) that generated among the cognoscenti by Pérès's performances. Promotion and publicity, designed to stimulate such sales, have no doubt paved the way. A catalogue for a C.D. mail-order house claims that "the mysterious, soothing and pure sound of Gregorian chant never grows old"; the liner notes of the Angel compilation calls the music "positively hypnotic to modern ears." Such statements bear a notable similarity to the remarks with which Hiley expressed his enthusiasm for Pérès's esoteric Old Roman. The similarity may help us to understand an important feature of the whole phenomenon of chant, the significance of which is revealed not so much in record sales as in what we might call, for lack of a better word, the discourse about the music. For whatever its mode of representation, "chant" is always defined in largely the same terms, as a musical practice outside the mainstream. "Chant," in a word, is exotic. The appeal of the music lies in its otherness.

On my copy of the Angel compilation I noted a seal affixed to the cellophane wrapper whose slogan seemed to guarantee the music's strange attraction. It read, "THE INTERNATIONAL PHENOMENON FROM SPAIN!" This, too, promoted a sense of the exotic, as if Spain, somewhere on the other side of the world, still conjured up images of *Carmen* in the popular imagination, and hence continued to retain something of its status as an "other." (Who could imagine a sticker advertising "THE INTERNATIONAL PHENOMENON FROM ENGLAND!"?) Another recording, however, spelled out this condition even more directly, a disc called *Heavenly Peace*, one of the countless spin-offs that have appeared on the market since the release of Angel's *Chant*. Like all such parasitical products, this recording shared a number of obvious features with the Angel compilation on whose back it was riding. Besides the requisite heavenly iconography of the jacket illustration, it came with the expected set of very unscholarly liner notes that recount all that is new and wonderful about this old music, texts designed to guarantee a place for chant in the New Age. The notes for *Heavenly Peace* concluded with the following judgment: "Only the Sufi mystics of Islam and their mesmerizing Qawwali music approach the atmosphere of devotional and spiritual depth [of Gregorian chant]."

Call it hype; but it is hype with a fairly long history. Its history begins around 1830 in France, at a monastery some distance from Paris, in the tiny village of Solesmes. Here, a small community of monks set out to rescue the legacy of Saint Benedict and all the traditions of the Benedictine Order from the comprehensive wreckage of the French Revolution. This included restoring a tradition of singing to their daily worship, a tradition that, as they perceived it, had been completely lost: vanished from modern liturgical practices, and therefore from modern consciousness since before the so-called Age of Enlightenment. By 1860 the monks' work had become rigorously scientific, involving both paleographic research, the study of notations in written sources, as well as experimental performances. Through this systematic labor the Benedictines of Solesmes eventually revived the performance practice, yielding an ancient music now fit for modern consumption. What they produced was the repertory we know today as Gregorian chant.

Many of the ideas that we still maintain about this repertory—not least of all a sense of its long, completely unbroken tradition—can be traced to this period of intensive study and practice, when the Benedictines restored (some might say reinvented) the tradition in modern performance. Hence the "traditional" performance practice, which, as we generally understand it, delivers its melodies in slow, languid phrases free of rhythm (what I earlier called the "default" or mainstream mode of performance), is in all ways a modern practice imbued with a very French aesthetic. It was invented by nineteenth-century French Benedictines who were themselves searching for the "other" in music, that sound which would give them back a sense of Christian spirituality that was all but destroyed by the revolution.

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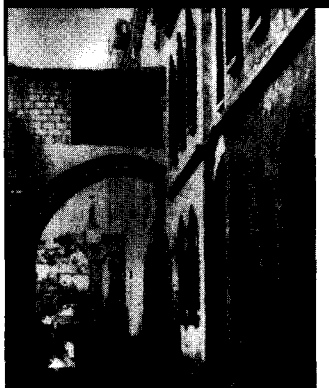

KATI MARTON

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The monks were successful in their quest—so successful, in fact, that by the last decade of the century their monastery, having achieved a significant reputation, became a kind of tourist site for fin-de-siècle types seeking spiritual thrills. The strange and exotic allure of their chanting was known to have seduced many illustrious visitors to the monastery, visitors such as Claude Debussy and Joris-Karl Huysmans, the bad boy of French decadent literature, all of whom imagined themselves transported, through listening, into some kind of mystic communion with a lost past.

It is striking to consider a few of the reports left behind from such visits, for they bear an uncanny resemblance to the soupy liner notes and promotional ploys that accompany most of the new chant discs. Here is a passage from an article by the French music critic Camille Bellaigue, who made his own pilgrimage, on assignment for *La Revue des deux mondes*, in 1898:

> For the nuns as for the monks, the whole life unfolds in singing ... each day and several times a day at Solesmes one discovers what an admirable, inexhaustible treasure of poetry and music is the liturgy of the Church.

Bellaigue then goes on to describe this "treasure" through a marvelous analogy that immediately turns rhapsodic:

> Ecclesiastical chants and oriental chants often resemble each other by their intonation or cadence, by the fantasy or caprice of their melismas or vocalises, above all by their modes that seem strange to us, and that govern both psalmody and the song the Arab breathes on his ivory flute. The land where truth appeared, where faith was first born, is also the land where an eternal dream floats, and in the music of faith something could remain of the dream. This gives to such and such responsory, or antiphon, a grace—a strange, even exotic languor.

The passage hardly needs comment. It certainly demonstrates, with a kind of eerie clarity, how far one could extend the imaginative exploitation of the Orient—that Romantic tendency, as described by Edward Said, in which the Orient was construed as the site where the whole of a decaying Europe might be reborn. Here, of course, it is a religion that is seen to have its renaissance, by communing with the exotic East, in the form of a dream.

Such a phantasm appears again, in a slightly different form, in another striking passage, this one from a largely autobiographical novel by Huysmans called *L'Oblat*, or *The Oblate*, one of his late, "pious" novels, written during the 1890s after he converted to Catholicism. The protagonist of the story, Durtal, who is destined (like Huysmans himself) to take vows as a Benedictine, describes the power of the chanting at Solesmes with the following, unexpected image:

> Yes, I am haunted, as it were, by phantoms of the past; I have inoculated myself with the seductive poison of the liturgy; it now runs through my spiritual veins, and I shall never be rid of it. The church services affect me as morphine affects a drug-taker.

And just a few years later, in 1904, we find an English writer who, visiting the monks at their place of exile on the Isle of Wight, comments in similar, though less apparently decadent, terms:

> Ever since the monastic Church has been open to the public, there has been a constant stream of visitors to vespers.... Often the charm of the chant works visibly on the auditors like a spell.

These texts reveal the kind of collective "en-chantment" experienced by a whole range of fin-de-siècle audiences upon first encountering this mysterious new music. Together they offer a view that may begin to explain, by historical analogy, the current chant phenomenon—the quality of fascination that *Chant* holds for audiences in our own day. And yet it would be wrong, I think, to essentialize the music, to draw from these examples the New Age-ish conclusion that the phenomenon issues from something "in" the chant, a spirituality embodied within the music itself. For, while each of the stories rehearses similar notions of the music's exoticism, what matters is how the exotic in each case is constructed differently.

I have already spoken about the ways such exoticism comes across in the elite forms of chant practiced by cutting-edge "early" musicians such as the Ensemble Organum. But what about *Chant*? What is its romantic draw? The substantial literature that has surrounded this record in the press returns again and again to an aspect of the recording that conveys, I think, an important sense of this music's "otherness" on the pop music market. That aspect is what might be called its poverty. This poverty is as much a musical trait as an economic one. We are reminded again and again of chant's drastically limited means of expression. This is a music that contains no harmony, no instrumentation, no beat—music that thwarts all attempts to classify it in terms of the all-purpose value canonized by the Dick Clark generation, its "danceability." One advertisement I encountered warned that the C.D. had "no drums, no guitar, no synthesizer," as if to prevent any unfortunate comparisons with the now passé Gregorian dance music produced in 1990 by the pop group Enigma, whose sampled chants were layered over a predictably synthesized rhythm track. The same advertisement even extended the roster of chant's negative attributes to include the impossible charge that the wholly melodic repertory contained "no melody."

All such descriptions of the music lead more or less directly to a reflection on the economic status of its performers. They, after all, have taken a vow of poverty—an act that in post-Reagan America must seem more exotic than almost anything I can imagine. Hence the numerous reports of our Spanish monks' disdain for worldly goods, their "refusal" to make another record, their bewilderment at receiving the platinum. There are even stories (surely apocryphal) of their non-receipt of royalties from EMI. Here is an example from a popular C.D. magazine: "The monks of Santo Domingo de Silos are going about their daily prayers unimpressed with all the fuss. They set aside 90 percent of their profits to charity...." My favorite is the much-repeated quotation of one such unimpressed monk who reportedly sniffed: "We are monks, not rock stars."

What is significant about all these legends is the way in which they construct an image of performers who simply do not participate in the economy in which most popular music is produced. This specialized condition seems to invite the suggestion that chant, precisely because of its impoverishment, is available to meanings that cannot be attached to other song forms. A recent article in a New Age digest confirms this view. "Unlike the nonsense lyrics set to vaguely spiritual chant-influenced music by groups like Enya and Cocteau Twins," its author maintains, "chant has meaning." It is the invidious comparison to pop that makes the equation work. Gregorian chant offers something more, a truth beyond the venal world of the music industry, because this mysterious music transcends the circulation of capital. The meaning of chant, we are to believe, is born of a holy lack.

The claim is further enhanced by reflection on the place in which the music does circulate, the daily ritual of the Shangri-la known as the monastery of Santo Domingo de Silos, in which the chant, we are everywhere reminded, apparently has been going on forever (as the records tell us, "seven times a day, every day of the year ... for over

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1,500 years"). This fact alone would seem to convey a sense of purpose quite outside the normal rituals of human existence. It is a sensibility that comes across materially in one extraordinary feature of Angel's digital remastering: the twenty-odd chants in the anthology are spliced together to form one long fifty-seven-and-a-half-minute track.

The continuous form produces, as many have commented, a kind of "wallpaper" music, an *unendliche Melodie* of assorted musical and verbal patterns. I am obviously not expected to contemplate the meaning of these songs in any conventional sense—a condition that is borne out by the very noticeable absence of texts and translations in the liner notes. Instead I am left blissfully free of any such responsibility for meaning, free to float along on fifty-seven minutes of something I do not understand. But this cloud of unknowing is central to the apparent efficacy of the music. For what is most significant about the long, continuous track, uninterrupted by breaks in the musical flow is, again, the sheer difference it represents.

From the perspective of time alone, it stands completely apart from the sound world of most music, especially pop music, in which sounds are packaged for consumption in neat, digestible bytes. Unlike a C.D. of pop vocal music, in which each song is intended to capture attention in a different way, the aural image of *Chant* is quite unified: the songs simply take up time—fifty-seven continuous minutes (what does that feel like?). Hence the disc offers up an image of time, at the same time that it seems to refer, distantly, to a life of ritual (so different from our own) in which there is time: the very thing that none of us post-moderns seems to possess in adequate amounts. The apparent calming effect of the disc on the listener can be ascribed to this fact: I relax simply by being presented with an image of time that I do not have. This restorative function is available, I would argue, whether or not one actually listens to the music. There is evidence to suggest that *Chant* has in fact been played far less than its platinum status implies (making it, as some critics have claimed, the most frequently purchased and least listened to music of our decade). But this fact does little to undermine the apparent significance of the music. On the contrary, it suggests that to "have" the disc is enough—that the time it offers, stashed like a genie within the jewel case, lies in wait for the listener, to be called out whenever it is required.

At Tower Records I found a bizarre little volume, published by (from what I can tell) a New Age press called Bell Tower, a tiny book with the title *Chant: The Origins, Form, and Healing Power of Gregorian Chant.* Its cover art, an exact reproduction of the Angel disc, makes it clear under what guise the author, Katharine Le Mee, undertook to write it. Somewhere near the middle of the book, I came across a passage that neatly summarizes this magical power associated with the music:

> Chant causes the "rush of events" to slow down. By the clock nothing has changed, yet we have a different perception of the things that are happening. Suddenly time is given back to us. We have enough and more to spare.

Think of it as the miracle of the loaves and fishes translated in a new, updated version for the working woman. Immediately following this messianic prophecy comes a statement that gets to the real point about what our relation to this music must be, a statement that, finally addressing the question of faith, seems to suggest a connection between belief and time—where, in effect, the "meaning" of this music becomes displaced onto time:

> Whether or not one is a true believer—and those who say they are, all the time and in all circumstances, are few and far between—is not of primary importance. In the same way that we do not need to

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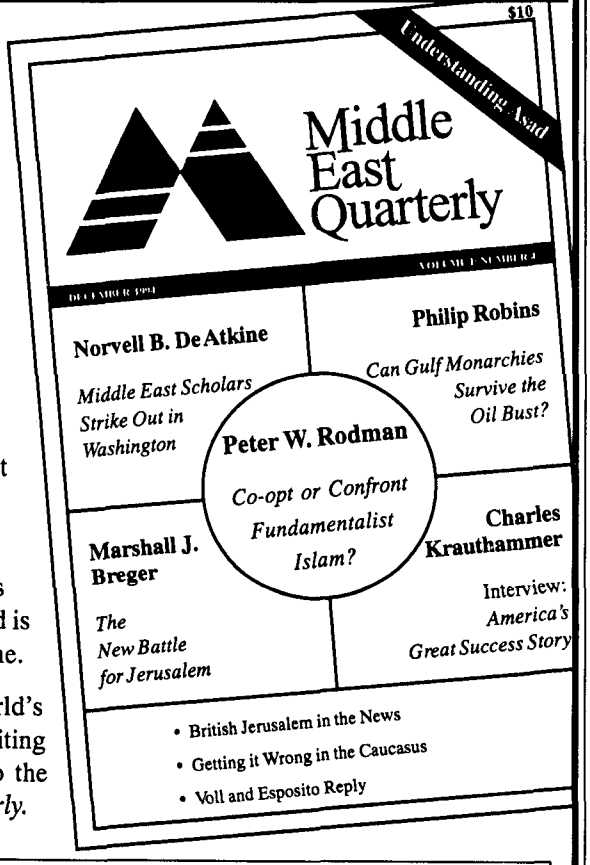
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subscribe fully to the tenets of Hinduism in order to enter fully into the spirit and intention of yoga and benefit from its healthful effect on mind and body, so it is with our participation in the life of chant. It is not necessary to be a believing Christian to be a part of this music, but rather it is a matter of suspending disbelief.

It is thus a queer space of suspended faith that *Chant* inhabits, an oddly comforting interval in which, neither believing nor disbelieving, we recognize the very experience we never expected to find as something already potentially lost. Angel Records, as it happens, recently developed this elusive experience into an even more elusive form, a promotion called the "*Chant* Escape Sweepstakes." This, too, I discovered at Tower Records (also peddling the two latest chant spin-offs: Angel's own *Chant Noel*, an anthology of Christmas chants, and the brand new world-beat Hildegard compilation called *Vision*, which Angel is supermarketing complete with the aid of an 800-number phone-in preview service). The sweepstakes presents a modest entry blank, whose small print certifies that, if I win, I will finally have that time I seek, "seven days and six nights" with the monks in Spain. Like all sweepstakes, this one is ephemeral. I know I won't win. The entry blank serves, then, merely to remind me of this blank, this lack—to re-awaken my desire for what I lack, at the same time that it sends me back to the chant as the only remaining means of escape. The sweepstakes tells me, in effect, that it is the music that will finally fulfill my need to be, as Baudelaire once put it, "anywhere out of this world." Chant is a form of spiritual tourism. It promises the contemporary soul is a virtual reality, a virtual sanctity.

This virtuality puts me in mind of a singular event that I experienced several months ago: a live performance by the Ensemble Organum. The occasion was the Berkeley Early Music Festival. The place was the remarkable neo-Gothic structure at the top of Nob Hill in San Francisco called Grace Cathedral. By the time I took my seat, the place was already filled with people, though most were silent, reading programs as if they were missals, as audiences in churches often do. I noted the strong smell of beeswax. I had to remind myself not to genuflect before entering the pew. Pérès was here to perform the chants from the thirteenth-century Gradual from Eleanor of Brittany, which he had recently recorded. But from the texts and the translations provided with the program, I could see that the Ensemble intended to present the music for an entire liturgy, complete with readings and music for the Ordinary.

Before long, the Ensemble Organum, on that evening just a small schola of women clad in long black dresses, processed in, singing the Introit. Pérès followed close behind. From his position in the parade, not to mention his entirely black costume of T-shirt, trousers and jacket, he came dangerously close, I thought, to impersonating a priest; only the white collar was missing. The thought was fleeting, incidental to the performance that had barely begun, but soon it became clear that the apparently theatrical artifice of their processional would be a consistent aspect of the performance. The Ensemble used the space of the faux-Gothic cathedral like a Gothic cathedral, occupying the space around the altar in ways that demonstrated their sensitivity to liturgical functions. Pérès mounted the lectern and began to intone the Gospel.

The Ensemble intended, in short, to "do" a liturgy that evening at Grace Cathedral, while at the same time they were not "doing" a liturgy at all. We heard all the parts, in the right order, in a space that was close enough to being the right place. Indeed, the performance, in calling on the forms of a "real" liturgy, seemed deliberately to depart from what is today a fairly conventional use of the church as a setting for a concert. This was a concert that treated the church as a meaningful, functional space, rather than ignoring its meaning. This concert presented a virtual liturgy, one in which we were invited to participate, but also one that required nothing of us whatsoever.

It is the condition of being between two realities, both of which are offered and both of which are denied, that creates the desired effect of this music. The eerie and therefore powerful effect of the Pérès liturgy lay in its being neither here nor not here. It was neither a Mass nor not a Mass. Like the voice of the Greek cantor on the Roman chant recording, the music seemed to strain the limits of "authenticity" at the same time that it opened a new arena on which the "authentic" might be reimagined: in the virtual space of a neither/nor. It is in this unreal space that we now find chant, and the idea of the sacred, and ourselves, at the end of the millennium. •

Going With the Flow

BY MARK FORD

And the Stars Were Shining by John Ashbery

(Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 99 pp., $18)

Hotel Lautréamont by John Ashbery

(Knopf, 157 pp., $13 paper)

John Ashbery is not, as a rule, a poet much given to prefacing his compositions with quotations from other writers, preferring to plow his references and secret borrowings into the texture of the verse itself. His two most recent collections, however, contain a total of seven epigraphs—more than feature in the rest of his corpus put together—drawn from an eclectic range of sources:

> This heart is useless. I must have another.
> —*The Bride of Frankenstein*

> But in the soul of man there are innumerable infinities.—Thomas Traherne

> So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
> —*Hamlet*

> Death cancels all engagements.—Clifton Webb, in the movie *Laura*

> We are all strong enough to bear the misfortunes of others.—La Rochefoucauld

> words like so many tiny wheels—Joubert

> But what he does, the river / Nobody knows.—Hölderlin, "The Ister"

It's a very Ashberian mix; outrageous slapstick, mystical awe, skeptical intelligence, crackling B-movie dialogue, savvy sententiousness, surrealist wit, romantic wonder—all figure by turns, and

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sometimes simultaneously, throughout the burgeoning Ashbery canon. That canon now stretches over fifteen not-so-slim volumes (his previous book-length poem, *Flow Chart*, which appeared in 1991, ran more than 200 pages); and it is beginning to rival the oeuvres of prolific Victorians such as Swinburne and Tennyson in bulk and scope.

Ashbery's expansiveness lies at the heart of his poetics, and can be viewed from a variety of angles. Like the all-embracing Walt Whitman ("I am large, I contain multitudes"), Ashbery seems almost ethically driven to allow his poetry to register any voice, narrative or character that happens to engage his attention, however inconsequently. At the same time, Ashbery implies that the endless process of the self's introjection of, and adjustment to, ever-changing circumstances is the only drama left to us. Accordingly, it must be registered not only for its own sake, but because the habits of self-consciousness involved in its charting are exactly those that enable us to participate in life more fully and flexibly. "We must double up, or die," he declares with uncharacteristic urgency in "Strange Things Happen at Night," a considerably more practical and unsentimental injunction than Auden's notorious conclusion to "September 1st, 1939," "We must love one another, or die."

Such doubling up can, of course, cut both ways. It may liberate the self from the mind-forged manacles of custom and history but leave it too much at the mercy of the merely contingent. It may enable us to trace the patterns of response that determine behavior, but how to prevent such self-scrutiny from sliding into narcissistic trance, indifference to all but one's own reflection? Ashbery's mercurial cast of assumed personae—they range from Popeye to Orpheus, from Daffy Duck to Parmigianino—are invariably represented in the midst of just such conflicts, valiantly attempting to improvise, communicate or conceal an identity while menaced by the opposed dangers of fixation and fragmentation at every turn.

Unlike the heroic questers of high modernism who yearned for grand political structures and aesthetic patterns with which to chasten "the panorama of chaos and futility that is modern life"—to use Eliot's phrase—Ashbery's speakers accept with blithe equanimity the frustration of all attempts to discover any but a provisional, fragmentary order within the world. The very notion of a poem's transcending the cry of its occasion is treated with hilarious disdain in section VII of the long poem "And the Stars Were Shining," which neatly reverses William Carlos Williams's famous dictum, "No ideas but in things":

> Rummaging through some old poems
> for ideas—surely I must have had some
> once? Some people have an idea a day,
> others millions, still others are condemned
> to spend their life inside an idea, like a
> bubble chamber. And these are probably
> the suspicious ones. Anyway, in poems
> are no ideas. No ideas in things, either ...

Instead Ashbery aims to articulate more modest, less deliberately determined modes of awareness and interpretation, and increasingly his work has come to celebrate the most basic powers of survival. Both *Hotel Lautréamont* and *And the Stars Were Shining* time and again express an intrigued fascination with what is involved simply in continuing to exist, the quotidian transitions, connections and attritions that, looked back on, can be seen to have marked our passage through time. "Token Resistance," the superb opening poem of the latter volume, ponders a life's trajectory from precisely this vantage point, in a tone at once rueful and surprised, perplexed and accepting:

> Originally
> we weren't going to leave home. But made
> bold
> somehow by the rain we put our best foot
> forward.
>
> Now it's years after that. It
> isn't possible to be young anymore.
> Yet the tree treats me like a brute friend;
> my own shoes have scarred the walk I've
> taken.

Despite the implications of these last lines, however, one couldn't really call Ashbery's recent poetry autumnal. The brooding pose is held for a moment, even savored, but never long enough to crystallize into a distinctive mood. On other occasions it seems positively disavowed: "It was as if all of it had never happened, / my shoelaces were untied, and—am I forgetting anything?" Thus concludes the title poem "And the Stars Were Shining," and the collection as a whole, resolutely abandoned in medias res, with barely a nod toward the sense of an ending.

Such reversals and revisions typify the grim humor of Ashbery's vision by acting out the impermanence and only partial truthfulness of any one moment's rhetoric. Ashbery seems insistently conscious of how much any system of meaning or any theatrical role must exclude to preserve its own illusions of coherence, and some of his most startling effects derive from his interweaving of incompatible styles of diction: "We bake a dozen kinds of muffins every day / yet we are cold and disquieting at heart...." The cheery slogan gives way like a false bottom to a sense of the unknowable and unapproachable that it contradicts. But Ashbery is equally adept at performing this maneuver in the opposite direction, domesticating what we have long come to consider ineffably mysterious, as when he relocates Robert Frost's famous poem about the lure of the dark woods somewhere in the East Village: "Stopping by an apartmentful of freeloaders / on a snowy evening...."

Although Ashbery's humor is never malicious, it is not exactly comforting either. Indeed, Frank O'Hara once described his friend's poetry as "about as funny as a wrecked train." The doubled-up awareness it embodies allows him to take no satirical satisfaction in the absurdities of the idioms he borrows. Instead that awareness results in an inextricable intertwining of the bathetic and the sublime. The poetry continuously forces us to acknowledge both the valiance with which each aesthetic mode attempts to impose order upon the world, and the chaos that it fails to subdue. For all his cherishing of the social rituals that make life bearable, Ashbery never seems able to ignore for long the absolutes they attempt to disguise:

> Tell your readers
> to write me, I love their questions, only it
> gets
> so dark sometimes, you just want to stand
> and shake.

Sudden shifts like this occur throughout *Hotel Lautréamont* and *And the Stars Were Shining*, often inducing an almost dizzying vertigo just when we least expect it, the poems sliding from whimsy to despair and back again in the blinking of an eyelid.

Ashbery's endless metamorphoses are not intended, however, to disorient or to shock so much as to alert us to the complications and uncertainties, and perhaps even pleasures, that we screen out in pursuit of unexamined and illusory goals. This is a standard ideal of much poetry since the Romantics, but few have attempted to articulate the shadow life that swarms just outside the frame of familiar contexts as exhaustively as Ashbery. His seductive ironies lead irresistibly to the border territories of consciousness where traditional formulations merge with the indeterminacies and impulses they normally suppress.

Ashbery once described John Cage's music as being able "to stretch people's

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ears," and in a similar way his poetry aims to stretch our minds by finding voices for all those dimensions of experience we customarily ignore. Standard divisions are relentlessly confounded by his sinuous, tumbling syntax, and even the most elementary systems of measurement are overrun by the seething multiplicity to which the poetry struggles to respond:

> It was day, after all. One of those things like a
> length of sleep
> like a woman's stocking, that you lay flat
> and it becomes a unit of
> your life and—this is
> where it
> gets complicated—of so
> many others' lives as well
> that there is no point in trying to make out, even less
> read,
> the superimposed scripts in
> which the changes of the
> decades
> were rung, endlessly, like
> invading kelp . . .

These blurrings of inner and outer effectively short-circuit one's habits of judgment and control, erode the boundaries of individual identity and allow the poem to reflect with a kind of Whitmanian indiscrimination the countless overlapping stories—"so many others' lives"—that lie buried beneath the master narratives of official history.

Ashbery's connection with these others occurs, of course, only on a speculative level. Whereas Whitman forthrightly pronounced himself "one of the roughs," and filled his "Song of Myself" with richly detailed examples of his countrymen's actual day-to-day existences, Ashbery's flattened diagrams of unspecified experiences are more diffidently offered on a sort of "one-size-fits-all" basis. "He's here to help," the speaker reveals a few pages later in the poem, but immediately adds, "the whole darn nation is. . . ."

Still, in the poems collected in these books, Ashbery's career-long search for aesthetic means of transcribing "the whole darn nation's" concerns seems less consuming, more relaxed than in, say, the compulsively sprawling *Flow Chart*, or "Litany," from *As We Know* (1979), a massive poem written in two columns "meant to be read," as Ashbery writes in an author's note, "as simultaneous but independent monologues." Both poems can be seen to constitute a kind of conceptual critique of the limitations of any single genre of writing. "I intended, in 'Litany,'" Ashbery explained in a *Paris Review* interview, "to write something so utterly discursive that it would be beyond criticism—not because I wanted to punish critics, but because this would somehow exemplify the fullness, or, if you wish, the emptiness, of life, or, at any rate, its dimensionless quality." These vast poems incarnate the impossibility of our understanding or even attending to our situation in its full complexity, yet are shot through with wistful glances back or across to aesthetic modes less aware of their own incompleteness.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Ashbery's recent poems encode this consciousness of what they are unable to include less literally, often with a shrug movingly expressive of the need to make the best of what's been given, to cherish the circumstances of the attempt and to ignore the wreck of one's ideals: "True, it is only a picture, but someone framed and hung it: / it is apposite," he observes in the dazzling "A Driftwood Altar" in *Hotel Lautréamont*. The poem's conclusion transforms dejection at art's inability to render inner truths ("one shot of you aghast in the mirror is quite enough") into both motive and means of grounding the self amid the things of this earth: the aesthetic is valued, paradoxically, not for its prefiguring glimpses of the timeless, or even its momentary stays against confusion, but because its successive failures and betrayals serve to connect us with the actual world we live in, to assist our escape from the closed circuits of solipsism and monomania:

> And when too many moods
> coincide, when all windows
> give on destruction, its curfew anchors us
> in logic, not reprehensible
> anymore, not even exemplary,
> though emblematic, as some
> other person talking in an
> old car would be.

Obviously the "logic" enacted here is not the type that leads to clear answers or definitive statements. On the contrary, the lines seem to imply that the more an artwork insists on its own limitations—"its curfew"—the more it consoles us by allowing us to acknowledge our own analogous imperfections. It is a weird-sounding compact, but one that resonates throughout Ashbery's recent attempts to reproduce "the singular effect of all things / being themselves, that is, stark mad / with no apologies to the world or the ether. . . ."

The relationship between these discrete, self-delighting entities and the relentless flow of time's passing is best illustrated in Ashbery's most recent book's title poem, whose thirteen parts dramatize thirteen ways of not only looking at but of living in our "bizarre and furious / galaxy." "And the Stars Were Shining" seems to me Ashbery's most suggestively layered longer poem, its transitions and omissions never quite subsumed within the ongoing story of the poet's subjectivity, its form itself a testimony to the incompatible directions our energies take. Yet—as its title indicates—life continues despite the contradictions and the aporia that appear to undermine it so completely. However qualified, such persistence is

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itself the central issue, as the woman who briefly appears in section V wrenchingly notes: "We cared less for each other / than any two people on earth, but the point is we cared."

Unlike Ashbery's more seamlessly fluid longer pieces—"A Wave," "Clepsydra," *Flow Chart*—"And the Stars Were Shining" seeks to figure rather than mime, to describe rather than enact, this resilience. In turn the jagged, multifaceted nature of the poem's form enables its properties to seem less in thrall to the loop of the poet's consciousness, more reticently themselves:

> In the brisk concealment
> that has become general everything thrives:
> bushes, lampposts, motels at the edge of
> airports
> whose blue lights guide the descending
> vehicle
> to a safe berth in soon-to-be night . . .

The extent to which such radiantly observed human patternings may be taken to imply cosmic or metaphysical structures beyond our grasp is one of the questions that focuses the poem's most intense equivocations. But its emotional climax, its "last surprise," concerns the releasing of an unnamed beloved to wander "diffident, indifferent, but with the sky for an awning / for as many days as it pleases it to cover you." Although this departure entails the poem's own collapse into the world it has attempted to illustrate, by a characteristic sleight of hand Ashbery presents this dissolution as an opportunity for celebration. For only at the instant of a treasured aesthetic's breakdown do we become truly aware of the life that surrounds us, and to which we belong:

> That's what I meant by "get a handle," and
> as I say it,
> both surface and subtext subside
> *quintessentially*
> and the dead-letter office dissolves in the
> blue acquiescence of spring.

MARK FORD is the author of *Land Locked* (Chatto & Windus).

Exile and Return

BY JEFFREY HERF

The Frankfurt School: Its History, Theories, and Political Significance by Rolf Wiggershaus translated by Michael Robertson

(MIT Press, 787 pp., $25)

Even for those who are no longer convinced that there exists a dialectic of enlightenment or a totally administered world, the theory of the Frankfurt School holds an attraction. In contrast to almost all schools of social science and Marxism, it was deeply critical of all forms of determinism. While other forms of radicalism seemed to take glee in the erosion of individual autonomy, the Frankfurt theorists drew on cultural traditions of humanism and rationalism to strengthen the capacity for independent thought. The Frankfurt School, moreover, had a hard and (in its way) romantic fate. The charisma that still surrounds it is owed partly to the image of the isolated and persecuted intellectual, or community of intellectuals, defending Reason and Truth against the Administered World.

Rolf Wiggershaus's detailed chronicle, which has been ably translated by Michael Robertson, offers considerable material to explain how critical theory emerged, how it survived in American exile and how it returned to native soil after World War II. It is a picture of intellectuals rather more in touch with the world around them than the romantic image suggests. Wiggershaus makes clear that Max Horkheimer and Theodor Adorno, the two principal figures, viewed their isolation, and their separation from their intended public, as a disastrous consequence of exile. They sought to connect their theory with its potential audience, and so they took the remarkable decision to return to post-Nazi West Germany.

In a sometimes laborious and exhausting manner, Wiggershaus examines the Frankfurt School from Weimar, through the years of exile in Paris, New York and Los Angeles, and back to Frankfurt from 1951 to the time of Adorno's death in 1969. It is a saga, rather than a book with a focused argument. Walter Benjamin, Erich Fromm, Herbert Marcuse, Jürgen Habermas, Henryk Grossman, Carl Grunberg, Leo Lowenthal, Franz Neumann, Friedrich Pollock, Karl August Wittfogel, and many others with whom the school came into contact, make their appearance. At the center of the account are Horkheimer, the scholar, administrator, autocrat and tactician, and Adorno, the brilliant, prolific and difficult independent spirit, and the story of their friendship.

The major elements of the Frankfurt School's critical theory have been well known since its major works appeared in English translations in the 1960s and 1970s, and since the publication in 1973 of Martin Jay's *The Dialectical Imagination,* and numerous essays about critical theory in journals such as *Telos* and *New German Critique.* The essential point was this: contrary to the optimistic dialectic of Marxism-Leninism, theory had failed to grip the masses in Europe and the United States during the crises of World War I and the Great Depression; but the emergence of fascism and Nazism did not completely refute the Marxist critique of capitalism. This theory could survive, in a modified form. By supplementing economics with a cultural and psychological dimension, a critical theory of society could account for the failure of Socialist revolution, and the subsequent collapse of modern civilization into barbarism. Theory and its insights would have to be preserved by a few intellectuals who were not beholden to the academic structures of prestige and reward and to the specialized disciplines of the universities. Through sheer force of will and thought, they would preserve Reason and Autonomy and the Individual.

Wiggershaus adds to the mountain of scholarly exegesis of Frankfurt School texts, but his distinctive contribution lies in his research. He draws on the private correspondence and the archives of the Institute for Social Research to present fresh material on the political, institutional and financial background to the Institute's work. This is a sympathetic but demystifying account of a leftist intellectual project precariously balanced between criticism and respectability. Governments, foundations and major universities were part of the tale from start to finish.

The story begins as "Felix Weil, son of a millionaire, founds an institute for Marxism, hoping one day to hand it over to a victorious German Soviet state." Wiggershaus points out, however, that Weil's fantasies and funds alone did not make it possible to establish a

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social science research institute affiliated with the University of Frankfurt. That required political and financial support from the Prussian Ministry of Culture (Frankfurt was in the political jurisdiction of Prussia in the 1920s), and administrators of the university. While Communists and Social Democrats remained irreconcilable enemies in Weimar politics, the Frankfurt Institute was an example of Social Democratic governmental benevolence toward a group of intellectual communists with a small "c" whose commitment to Marxism was clear. Even by the standards of Weimar's cultural modernism, the Institute for Social Research in Frankfurt was unique in combining revolutionary theory with the respectability of the academy.

Wiggershaus takes a jaundiced view of Horkheimer, the central figure and longtime director of the Institute. Horkheimer was imbued with a materialist understanding of the link between money and intellectual independence, as well as with a sense of his own centrality to the future of a critical theory of society. Indeed, he was so convinced of his centrality that he asked for, and received, remarkable clauses in his contract as Director of the Institute for Social Research, which included unlimited travel expenses—no receipts required—for all travel related to his position as Director of the Institute.

In 1932 he secured from Friedrich Pollock, his life-long friend, colleague at the Institute and executive agent for Weil and his heirs, a contract clause that guaranteed that should Horkheimer "for any reason" lose his salary as a professor at the University of Frankfurt am Main "we [the Weil trust] hereby undertake to pay your income in the same amounts and with the same pension contributions as would be your due as a full professor at a Prussian university with an extremely high cost of living." In February 1932, another clause was added according to which Weil "in order to secure your academic research on a lasting basis" undertook "to grant you for the period of your lifetime a monthly sum in the amount of RM 1,500 (1,500 Reichsmarks)" or the equivalent in French, Swiss, Dutch or American currency ($375). As long as the Weil trust was well managed, Horkheimer knew that he always would have a modest but steady income, something few other émigré intellectuals could claim.

The clause in his contract of 1932 came none too soon. Horkheimer, along with Karl Mannheim and Paul Tillich, was in the first wave of scholars to be purged after Hitler rose to power. The Nazis closed the Institute in March, 1933. Horkheimer wrote with bitter realism that "you must constantly be aware that it is you yourself who are at their mercy when all the friendly, benevolent people with whom you are surrounded every day find out that you have become powerless." He understood that it was the private Weil trust, and it alone, that gave him the ability to focus his efforts on keeping the Institute intact, first in Paris and then in New York.

One of the most interesting sections of Wiggershaus's account concerns the open arms and generous support with which Horkheimer and company were greeted by Columbia University beginning in 1934. Despite Horkheimer's circumspection and linguistic circumlocutions—"critical theory" in place of Marxism, "forces of domination" instead of capitalism—

Consolation

Could be, she tells herself, the Brahmins are right
And she's enjoyed already, in a past existence,
The life that for years she's lamented missing,
Already driven home with her heart's companion
Who in this existence is driving with someone else.
Already been welcomed by their ducks and dogs
And shared over dinner their plans for tomorrow.
Could be that what tastes to her like longing
Is really memory, the trace not washed from her tongue
When she kneeled in the water to sip the water of Lethe.
That's why the house in the country where he lives now
Looked so familiar the one time she dared to pass it,
A farmhouse of weatherd clapboard, federal style,
Set back from the road in a rising field.
She must have lived there once, a good life,
No doubt about it, selected by her watchful soul,
Who wants the best for her, as this life has been selected,
This climbing the stairs to her city apartment
A block from the discount store, her arms full of groceries.
Already she's planning her project when dinner's done.
This could be the night at her writing desk
When she breaks through the walls of the well-made story
And flows with a loose, associative style
Out to the hollows and crevices of experience.
Her old life won't get her there, to this discovery,
However much she may have learned with her friend
As she read to him on the couch by the stove
Or listened to his reading or commentary.
Does she want to repeat herself, she asks, or move on?
To say she was happier then than now,
To say she's more restless now, and lonely,
Could mean, if the Brahmins are right,
She's stuck in the fiction of the one best life,
Mired in the language of ranking, while the questing soul
Needs many lives to complete its journey,
Each with its own definition of happiness.
The current definition could emerge tonight
As she sits at her desk shaping her thoughts into unity
Long past the hour when her heart's companion
Has gone to bed with his sweetheart to whisper and touch
As once she may have whispered and touched
In a life with him she's promised herself
Not to dwell on now.

CARL DENNIS

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You deserve a factual look at...

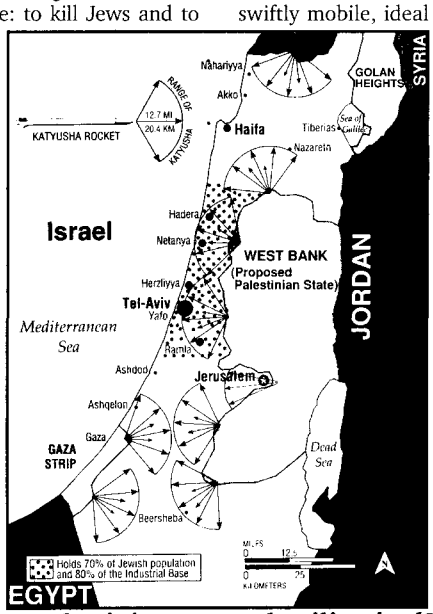
A Demilitarized Palestinian State
Should Israel, should the world rely on it?

Even those most sanguine about the current peace negotiations are agreed that the Palestinian entity to be founded should be demilitarized. A demilitarized "West Bank" and Gaza Strip, it is believed, would do away with any military threat to the state of Israel.

What are the facts?

Israel surrounded by implacable foes. The countries that surround Israel are its deadly enemies. With the exception of Egypt, all other Arab states are still in a declared state of war with Israel. Iran, Moslem though not Arab, lurks in the background, its foremost military and political objective being the destruction of the state of Israel.

The PLO, is a terror organization that has only one purpose: to kill Jews and to destroy the state of Israel. While the latter objective is beyond its reach, it has been most successful in the former. It seems almost incomprehensible that a group as supposedly levelheaded as the government of Israel would have entered into a "peace agreement" with such an organization. Not surprisingly, events since the famous "handshake" confirm such skepticism. The PLO has totally ignored Israel's main requirement, namely that it forswear the clause in its "covenant" that calls for the destruction of Israel. Arafat and his lieutenants continue to make blood-curdling speeches to the Arab public, in which they re-assert their old goal of destroying Israel in "stages".



A Palestinian state—demilitarized?

The myth of demilitarization. The assumption that "Palestine" would be demilitarized is not tenable. The Arab nations would not allow it, But mobilization of the "demilitarized" Palestine wouldn't really be required. The weapons of preference of Arab terrorists are the Soviet-made Katyusha rockets, highly effective missiles, truck-mounted and swiftly mobile, ideal for hit-and-run raids against Israel. A look at the map makes clear that these rockets, short-range though they may be, would literally dominate the heartland of Israel. Easily moved and hidden along Israel's new eastern borders—to be increased from about 40 miles to over 200 miles—they would rain destruction over most of Israel—covering in their entirety Israel's narrow waist that holds 70% of the Jewish population of the country, 80% of its industrial base, its only international airport, and its most important military installations.

The Arabs danced on the roofs of their houses when Iraqi Scud missiles fell on Tel Aviv during the Gulf War. Since the signing of the "peace agreement" they have continued in unrestrained terror and murder against the Jews—and against each other. Their hatred is undiminished and their avowed intention to destroy Israel has not been forsworn—in fact, it has repeatedly been re-affirmed. Only incurable optimists can believe that an "autonomous" Palestine would wish to become a peaceful neighbor of Israel. If Israel ceded the Gaza Strip—the invasion route since before biblical times—and Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") to its sworn enemies it would make the country indefensible. Tanks, warplanes, and missiles would only be needed for the final mopping-up process. In the meantime, mortars and Katyushas located on the Judean ridges—Israel's proposed new borders—would suffice to neutralize life and industrial and military activity in Israel.

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it was obvious to the Columbia University sociologists Robert MacIver and Robert Lynd that, in Lynd's words, Horkheimer and his colleagues were "on the liberal-radical side." Lynd argued in favor of offering the émigrés an institutional link to Columbia because they "are a research agency with high standards and are not interested in propaganda." In 1934 Nicholas Murray Butler, the president of the university, agreed to support an affiliation of the Institute, and to permit it to reside in a Columbia-owned building. Here again, as in Frankfurt and Prussia under Social Democratic governance, the Institute for Social Research was able to find institutional support for a leftist program of research.

Horkheimer had a tendency to present his views as more daring than they were. In his essay "The Jews and Europe," written in 1939, he wrote "no one can ask the émigrés to hold a mirror up to the world that has produced fascism in the very place in which they are being offered asylum. But those who do not wish to speak of capitalism should be silent about fascism." In fact, *not* to talk about capitalism and fascism in the same sentence on the Upper West Side of Manhattan in the era of Roosevelt, La Guardia and the Popular Front would have seemed unusual. There was something a little ridiculous about this famous sentence. Did Horkheimer intend to say that only Marxists should speak out publicly against Nazism? Should non-Marxists, or supporters of reform capitalism say and do nothing to fight the Nazis? The combination of Marxist orthodoxy with an advocacy of a kind of speech code for anti-fascists was odd for an intellectual such as Horkheimer, who championed the value of the autonomous individual.

Despite support from Columbia, demand for money exceeded the supply of limited funds in the Weil trust. With Horkheimer calling the shots, the Institute was sometimes a benevolent patriarchy and sometimes a not so benevolent one. Wiggershaus describes Horkheimer's administration as "a classic example of the maxim 'divide and rule'," under which Horkheimer convinced the members that he had a special relationship with them, and offered them contradictory information. Those with strong academic credentials, and views that diverged from those of Horkheimer and Adorno, such as Herbert Marcuse and Franz Neumann, were encouraged to accept the offers of government employment that came their way during the war.

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Horkheimer and Adorno's belief that their work would find its best reception in postwar West Germany proved to be correct. Wiggershaus offers much for American readers who want to know more about the Institute for Social Research in West Germany in the 1950s and 1960s. He details relationships to other German scholars, and the school's impact on and reaction to the West German intellectual left and student movement of the 1960s and 1970s. Here Adorno comes to the fore in his efforts to combine social theory with empirical social research, but even more so in his writings on music, philosophy, art and literature. Adorno went back to Frankfurt in 1953 and never returned to the United States. He became a German citizen again in 1955. In 1953, he was appointed to the "Extraordinary Chair of Philosophy and Sociology" at the University of Frankfurt's faculty of philosophy. The chair became known as the *Wiedergutmachungs-lehrstuhl* (compensation chair) because it was established as an act of restitution and compensation for the expulsion and persecution of Jewish, liberal and leftist scholars by the Nazis. One of the great intellectuals of the century was a kind of affirmative action hire!

Jewish émigrés returned to Germany after 1945 with very mixed emotions. Again, the critics of the administered society received an awkward but eager welcome by academics at the University of Frankfurt, politicians, journalists and the American occupation authorities. In the fall of 1951 the Institute for Social Research was reopened in Frankfurt. In the same year Horkheimer was appointed rector, equivalent to the president, of the University of Frankfurt. The decision was owed in equal measures to a recognition of talent, a desire for restitution and a gratitude for the return of exiles whose fame had grown in American exile.

Horkheimer, for reasons that Wiggershaus does not adequately explain, left his radical past behind. Instead, the focus of his teaching and his writing became, as Wiggershaus unhappily reports, the preservation of "liberal-bourgeois cultural traditions," which he believed were important to rescue and to pass on. Wiggershaus, who clearly disapproves of Horkheimer's move away from the radicalism of the 1930s and 1940s, nevertheless confirms that he and Adorno had found an audience among West German students. "No matter how Horkheimer and Adorno camouflaged themselves, they represented a ray of light for many students."

Like David Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd* in 1950s America, Horkheimer's and Adorno's arguments about individual autonomy in a conformist society struck a deep chord with the postwar generation of West German intellectuals, such as Jürgen Habermas. During the 1950s and 1960s the Institute for Social Research actually became an institute of empirical social research and produced an impressive series of studies concerning anti-Semitism, authoritarian tendencies in the West German society and democracy in the workplace. Horkheimer focused his energies on academic administration, writing and lecturing. Adorno continued an almost unbelievably prolific output of commentary on music, art, philosophy and literature. He also wrote some political essays of enduring significance about the Nazi past. They were full-fledged members of the West German intellectual and scholarly establishment, and formed a link between the modernist, left-liberal spirit of Weimar and the reviving left-liberalism of West Germany.

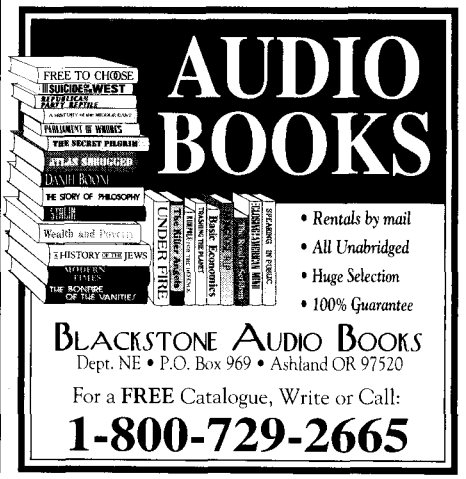
There were several reasons for this elective affinity between the critical theorists and their West German audience. Horkheimer's and Adorno's message was far easier to accept than was the argument that Germany's peculiarly illiberal path to modernity had contributed to Nazism. If it was the enlightened world and its instrumental rationality, rather than Germany and its peculiar history, that "radiated disaster triumphant," as the Frankfurt theorists had argued during the war in *The Dialectic of Enlightenment*, then Germany's young intellectuals had a less bitter pill to swallow. What the late German historian Thomas Nipperdey called a "hypostasization of German history into world history," that is, the interpretation of the particular miseries of Germany as the general dilemmas of modernity, was historically dubious; but it was psychologically less burdensome.

Of course, contrary to Horkheimer and Adorno, Germany suffered from a deficit of Enlightenment reason, not a surfeit of it. Yet this very neglect of German history, and its displacement with abstract nouns, enhanced the prospects that it was a critical theory of society, rather than a critical history of Germany, that would strike the most responsive chord among many young left-leaning West Germans. And Horkheimer and Adorno did not only reduce the burden of German particularism. By evoking the enduring power of Kant, Hegel, Marx and Freud (among others), they pointed to multiple continuities in German culture that formed a basis for a return to a decent, or at least to a more decent, society. They offered a way for young West German intellectuals to reconnect with aspects of the German humanist past.

On July 12, 1954, in a letter that Wiggershaus does not cite, Max Horkheimer responded to a request from the director of the office of West German President Theodor Heuss for advice concerning the president's forthcoming speech on the tenth anniversary of the attempted assassination and coup against Hitler of July 20, 1944. The example of the conspirators, Horkheimer wrote, was crucial for the consolidation of democracy in post-Nazi Germany, for democracy rested not only on abstract principles, but also on the courage and the spontaneity of individuals. He recalled "the determined individual" (such as John Brown in the United States) who "plays an important role in the tradition of many people" and who is willing to risk life to stop intolerable horrors. In 1954 Horkheimer praised those who had risked and sacrificed their lives to overthrow fascism, even though most of their leaders had not said a word about capitalism.

Wiggershaus does not explain how and why Horkheimer moved from "The Jews and Europe" in 1939 to his letter to Heuss's office in 1954. His book offers some clues. Perhaps American exile was not so terrible after all. Perhaps he developed an appreciation for the plurality of centers of wealth and power that had contributed to his own independence, and to the survival of the Institute for Social Research before, during and after its American exile. But his was not a message the German radicals of the 1960s wanted to hear. With any luck, it will find a keener audience in these chastened, post-cold war days.

JEFFREY HERF, a Member of the School of Historical Studies and the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, is working on *Divided Memory: The Nazi Past in the Two Germanies*, to be published by Harvard University Press.



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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Lazy days of winter

MOST EVENINGS, HALFWAY ALONG my walk home from this magazine's offices in Dupont Circle, I stop in at the Washington Sports Club. I'm one of the legions of the city's young professionals who squeeze in a quick workout en route to the nearby Metro station or our Kalorama and Adams-Morgan apartments. The boxy building lies on Connecticut Avenue—the closest thing this city has to a main drag—one block south of the "Hinckley Hilton," the hotel renowned for its status as an assassination site. On winter evenings, as you approach the gym (which is bordered, in an oddly appropriate way, by a Roy Rogers and a Gerald Ford-era Chinese restaurant), you can see the fluorescents glowing through the fogged-up plate-glass front window. It's a mark of the insularity of Washington, D.C.—or perhaps just that of my own social life—that whenever I walk in the exercycles and Cybex machines are occupied by at least a few friends or acquaintances. (Various TNR staffers and contributors also use the gym, and I must admit that the phenomenon of running into colleagues there is a bit disconcerting—an out-of-office experience, as it were.) So far as I can tell, the main function of the gym, in this neighborhood's campus-like atmosphere, is like that of a college library: as undergraduates procrastinate instead of studying, most of the gym habitués prefer conversation to exercise. Interns with cheesy, sparse goatees kibbitz about job openings; Hill staffers exchange sexy tidbits about the Clinton budget. The gym has even gained something of a reputation, at least in the self-contained world of Dupont Circle, as health club to the stars, frequented as it is by Stairmaster-meister George Stephanopoulos, hate-speech target Barney Frank and Dee Dee Myers, an early Clinton administration figure. Stephanopoulos even made Lois Romano's *Washington Post* gossip column a couple years ago for allegedly cutting to the front of the Stairmaster line, though the account was later discredited by the club's manager.

THE BUZZ AT THE GYM LATELY HAS been over the excerpts from David Maraniss's new biography of President Clinton that ran in *The Washington Post* this week. One might have thought that Clinton was already the most picked-apart chief executive of our time. As the impressive articles show, however, Maraniss found plenty of unexplored terrain in the pre-presidential years. The winner of both a Pulitzer Prize and a TNR Clinton Suck-Up Award for his 1992 campaign coverage, Maraniss hardly soft-soaps Clinton here. Most revealing was the excerpt detailing Clinton's failed 1974 congressional campaign. The most talked-about item, however, came from Clinton's gubernatorial chief of staff, Betsey Wright. Wright is the Clinton loyalist, you may recall, who in '92 deftly rebutted Republican charges that Clinton had raised taxes 128 times as governor by insisting that he had raised them a mere *127* times. Now Wright has told Maraniss that she urged Clinton not to run for president in 1988—the year of Gary Hart—lest ex-lovers of his blab to the press. Whether Clinton has lied or fudged about his affairs is a tired topic; what's amazing is that a trusted confidante could make everyone care again.

RECENTLY, I FOUND MYSELF thumbing through Philip Roth's novel *Deception*. In the passage I was looking for, the protagonist fumes to his English wife about the anti-Semitism and anti-Americanism at the London dinner parties they attend. "Over dessert I defended dropping the bomb on Hiroshima *and* Nagasaki!" he notes, stupefied. "I defended Harry Truman against war crimes charges until 1 a.m." The passage sprung to mind upon hearing that, after months of seesawing, the Smithsonian Air and Space Museum finally gutted its exhibit about the dropping of the A-bombs on Japan. To recap the saga quickly: First, veterans' groups found the planned exhibit to be too pro-Japanese and, presumably, too anti-bomb. Then, after the curators capitulated and allowed the American Legion to review a sanitized script, peace groups decried the rewrite. (Among the deleted items: a photo of a watch, its hands frozen in time at the moment of the blast.) Finally, with the new Congress in power, eighty-one congressmen, mostly Republicans, demanded the firing of the museum's director. Popular sympathy has sided with the vets, somewhat understandably. As Roth pinpoints, there's something maddening about the casting of easy moral judgments without historical context. But, even if you bristle at the left's self-satisfied hindsight, it's hard to review the record and not conclude that (*a*) the incineration of two major metropolises deserves *some* commemoration; and (*b*) there were reasons besides saving American lives—such as a desire to limit the Soviet Union's postwar reach—involved in the decision. To admit this doesn't mean we have to deny or diminish the Japanese aggression and brutality, disrespect our veterans or trot out Harry Truman for a war crimes trial. The meddlesome Republicans who canned the exhibit view history the way they view art: not to provoke thought in the pursuit of truth, but to transmit a simple political message. This is the Gingrich view of history—as grist for middlebrow propaganda.

THAT QUICK RECAP in the above paragraph was brought to you by Nexis, a computer database that stores several years' worth of articles from the major newspapers and magazines. Its rapid rise in recent years has created a brand new journalistic genre: the Nexis column. With increasing frequency, pundits surf on the database for a half-hour, call it quits and then stitch together a forty-inch insight. Despite the patently unscientific nature of the method, columnists count Nexis citations to gauge a term's cultural currency. The formula goes like this: a scan of the database for 1989 turns up twelve mentions of your term ("cyberspace," "Generation X," "pushing the envelope," etc.), but in the past six months uncovers a whopping 275 mentions! Ergo, we've discovered a cultural trend and, hence, fodder for a column. Want to write about how often the Internet was mentioned last year compared to years past? Is "multiculturalism" on the rise? These column topics were all dashed off by Nexis-scanning reporters. (Want to know how I came up with these examples? It sure wasn't by poring over spools of microfilm at the public library.) The problem with relying on Nexis isn't that you get exposed to only a limited number of sources; on the contrary, with its ever-expanding roster of online publications, Nexis provides you with far more geographic diversity than the heavy volumes of *The New York Times Index* you used to slide off basement library shelves. No, the problem is that you can find so *much* on Nexis that you never need to leave your computer. You never set out in pursuit of information that is unreported elsewhere. It's the kind of armchair journalism that shouldn't be turning up so regularly in our nation's newspapers. On the other hand, it's perfectly suited for a Washington Diarist.

DAVID GREENBERG

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Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

Disciplinary Learning

Interdisciplinary learning is a big educational fad these days, and it's no wonder. It's a very attractive idea. The world is not divided into disciplines so why should school be? Why not integrate what kids learn—and show them how math and biology and history fit together—instead of putting these things into separate boxes? A holistic approach, advocates tell us, will make learning far more engaging for students. It will also be more stimulating for teachers, who will be encouraged to make new connections and see things in new ways.

But throwing away disciplinary learning for youngsters who have not yet mastered the disciplines creates serious problems. It constrains what teachers can teach—and, therefore, what kids can learn—instead of enlarging it. That's what Kathleen Roth, a science teacher and teacher educator, found when she participated in an integrated science and social studies unit ("Second Thoughts about Interdisciplinary Studies," *American Educator*, Spring 1994).

A discipline is not an arbitrary set of restrictions that keep us from seeing the whole picture.

The theme of the unit—1492—was a real grabber, and Roth and her colleagues planned something far more ambitious than learning the names and customs of various native American peoples and, perhaps, how to build a bark house or a canoe. They organized the year-long unit around themes of diversity, change and adaptation and questions about how the people and land have changed since 1492 and how they might change in the next 500 years. They believed that these themes and questions would be powerful vehicles for teaching and integrating basic concepts in science and social science.

What Roth found was something quite different. The interdisciplinary focus made it difficult for her to teach scientific concepts at all. For example, because the anchor point was 500 years ago, the students were largely limited to learning from books, and Roth was unable to give them practice in the basic scientific activities of observing things, trying to explain these things and making predictions about their behavior—as she had done with previous classes. The interdisciplinary approach meant that her students learned less science, not more—some new names and facts but little about how scientists raise questions and resolve them.

This could have been a limitation in Roth's teaching, but a recent article by Howard Gardner and Veronica Boix-Mansilla ("Teaching for Understanding in the Disciplines—and Beyond," *Teachers College Record*, Winter 1994) suggests a different explanation. Disciplines are not impediments to real learning, Gardner and Boix-Mansilla say; they are powerful tools. And we are making a big mistake if we discard or ignore them in educating our children.

Gardner and Boix-Mansilla acknowledge that disciplines necessarily change with changing knowledge. And disciplines are murky around the edges—where does biology leave off and chemistry begin? But a discipline is not an arbitrary set of restrictions that keeps us from seeing the whole picture. It is an essential body of information, built up over the centuries, about how to explore a particular area of knowledge. The discipline of biology, for example, provides the tools, the vocabulary and techniques for asking questions about life and living organisms and trying to answer them.

Gardner and Boix-Mansilla do not think that disciplinary knowledge is optional: Without it, "human beings are quickly reduced to the level of ignorant children, indeed, to the ranks of barbarians." And disciplinary knowledge is not interchangeable. How far would a medical researcher get if he threw away the techniques of his discipline and used those of a historian to find out why one group of people stayed healthy while another got sick?

Children are not born with disciplinary knowledge. They develop it as they learn what questions they can ask in history and math and science and literature, and how they can answer them. And the K-12 years are essential to this process. It is then that teachers need to use what Kathleen Roth calls the "powerful lens" of the various disciplines to focus the facts that kids are learning. It is then that teachers begin to help children learn that you don't look at the structure of a leaf using the same tools you use to examine the structure of a poem about trees—even though both could be part of an interdisciplinary unit about nature.

If the schools are failing our students, it is not because we are burdening them with disciplinary knowledge or are failing to provide them with holistic learning experiences. It is because we are satisfied with the shallow kind of knowledge that comes from insufficient grounding in the basic disciplines—history and math and science and literature. Trying to give students this grounding would be a lot harder than simply grabbing for the latest fad, but at least it would get us somewhere in the long run.

For a copy of Kathleen Roth's article, write "Disciplinary Learning", AFT, 555 N.J. Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001.

Mr. Shanker's comments appear in this ad under the auspices of the American Federation of Teachers. Reader correspondence is invited. Address your letters to Mr. Shanker at the AFT, 555 New Jersey Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001. © 1995 by Albert Shanker.

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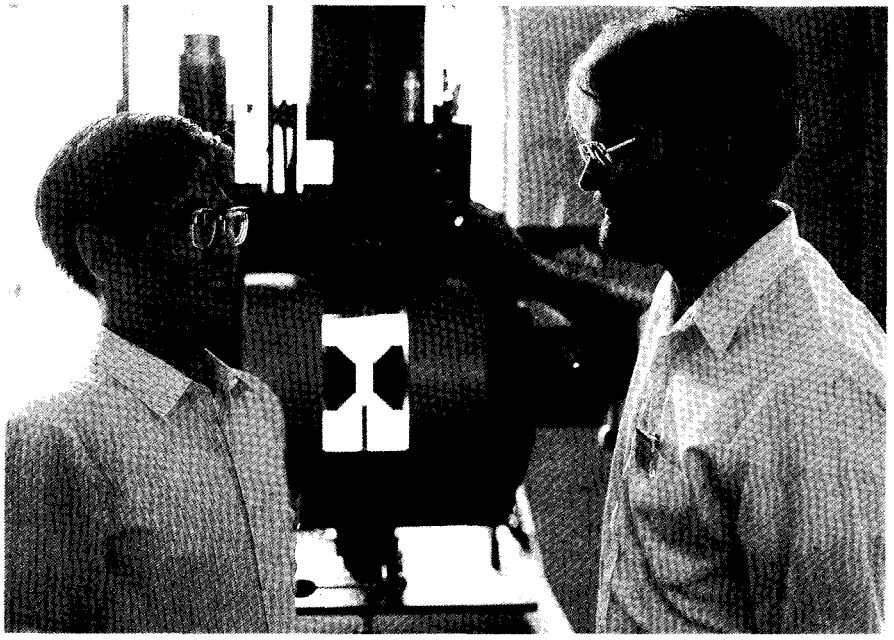
Making Science Together



HIVIPS aims to promote cooperation and scientific development by bringing together scientists from different backgrounds and countries.

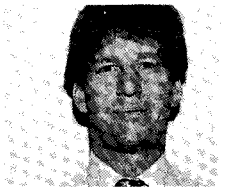
Providing Joint Research Opportunities in Japan

As an electronics engineer, Dr. Gregory Uvieghara has long been intrigued by Japan's success in his chosen field. Small wonder that when the opportunity arose, he jumped at a chance to work as a guest researcher at Hitachi's Central Research Laboratory (CRL) near Tokyo. "The invitation opened the door of a major Japanese laboratory to me. It gave me a unique chance to observe Japanese research methods first-hand," the AT&T Bell Labs researcher says. He spent over a year in Japan studying a new type of semiconductor device.

Opening doors is what the Hitachi Research Visit Programs (HIVIPS) are all about. The programs bring scientists from all over the world together to work on key problems in basic and applied research; allowing creative collaboration that would not be possible otherwise. More than 200 scientists from all over the world have participated in the programs since their inception in 1985.

For Felicia Heiler, HIVIPS allowed her to work side-by-side with Japan's leading expert in submicron semiconductor device physics, whom she had met while studying for her master's degree in electrical engineering at Santa Clara University. The collaboration turned out to be very fruitful. "I ended up with a master's thesis and two publications," Heiler says. She now works as a device engineer for Advanced Micro Devices.

For Dr. Thomas Hildebrandt, HIVIPS gave him a chance to work closely with Japanese experts in handwritten character recognition systems."The sharing of ideas and the facilities certainly were conducive to my research," the Lehigh University computer science professor says. "I made a lot more progress than I would have otherwise."



Dr. Thomas Hildebrandt participated in HIVIPS in 1993.

For many participants, lasting friendships may be HIVIPS' most important benefit. "Many of my best friends are people I met at CRL," Heiler says. "In fact, one of them, my Hitachi advisor, came all the way from Japan to attend my wedding."

We at Hitachi are proud to sponsor HIVIPS. We believe that this scientific exchange not only provides research rewards, but also promotes mutual understanding in the scientific community.

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